

The Case Against Progressive Income Taxes

F. A. Hayek

Does Europe Hate America?

Bogdan Raditsa

Balance Sheet for 1953

LARGEST IN THE WEST!



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AND LOAN ASSOCIATION OF LOS ANGELES

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

October 31, 1953

ASSETS

G.I. Government Guaranteed Loans..	\$ 29,457,464.84
Coast Federal and F.H.A. Loans.....	112,815,713.46
Government Securities and Cash....	17,422,544.91
Other Assets.....	2,187,399.70
TOTAL.....	\$161,883,122.91

LIABILITIES

Savings Accounts.....	\$137,731,071.55
Advances	6,857,500.00
Loans in Process and Other Liabilities	3,506,429.40
Reserves and Surplus.....	13,788,121.96
TOTAL.....	\$161,883,122.91

Joe Crail President

3½% per annum on savings accounts paid June 30, 1953

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THE Freeman

*A Fortnightly
For
Individualists*

Editor HENRY HAZLITT
Managing Editor FLORENCE NORTON

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Our Contributors

F. A. HAYEK is universally regarded in both Europe and America as one of the foremost economists of our day. He has written extensively on monetary theory, collectivism and capitalism, and related subjects. As a result of his studies he has made some observations about the principle of progressive taxation which are of significance and special interest to everyone who pays an individual income tax.

LOUIS ROUGIER, eminent French scholar, is well known for his contributions both to the history of philosophy and the development of scientific logic. He has, in addition, written several critical works on political and economic doctrines.

PETER SCHMID appears in this issue with another of his reports on key spots of the world (see "Battle for Italy," November 16). In his present piece he describes some of the circumstances contributing to the recent removal of the Sultan in Morocco.

BOGDAN RADITSA, who became an American citizen not long ago, had therefore a special interest in revisiting the continent to learn the attitude of his former colleagues to the country of his adoption. His conversations with them enabled him to answer the much-discussed question: "Does Europe Hate America?" Mr. Raditsa teaches modern European history at Fairleigh Dickinson College.

BEN RAY REDMAN has had considerable opportunity to become acquainted with all facets of American popular culture in a career as magazine editor, motion picture executive, and writer.

LAWRENCE R. BROWN, engineer and former journalist, was Assistant Director of the Chemical Branch of the War Production Board during World War Two.

HENRY C. WOLFE has long been a student of Russo-German relations. His books include *The German Octopus* and *The Imperial Soviets*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH enjoys a long-standing reputation as one of America's leading drama critics. Until recently professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, he is now living in Tucson, Arizona; his latest book, *The Best of Two Worlds*, was reviewed in our December 14 issue.

To Our Readers

As we come to the end of 1953 the editors want to thank you for your friendly interest and firm support throughout the past year. Your many heartening letters, your enthusiastic response in recent weeks to our special Christmas gift subscription offer have been encouraging indeed. To all of you we wish a very Merry Christmas.

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Articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials do not necessarily represent the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style.

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An ancient river provided these ideal plant sites

One of the most nearly perfect industrial locations we have ever seen is the result of an unusual geological history. Ages ago a once-great river cut a mile and a half-wide channel through what is now southwestern Ohio. The glacier filled it deep with gravel. After the glacier had passed, new rivers dug new channels and the

ancient valley is now a broad, gently rolling plain set in the Ohio hills.

Down in the gravel a great stream of fine water flows through the old river bed. Plenty more water is available from the nearby Miami River.

While this is a rural area, it is only 12 miles from the center of Hamilton and 17 miles from the heart of Cin-

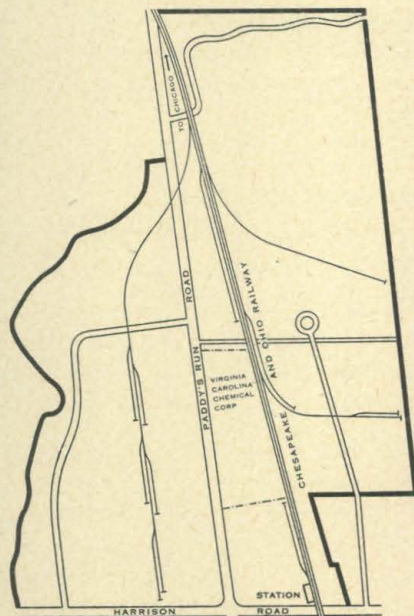
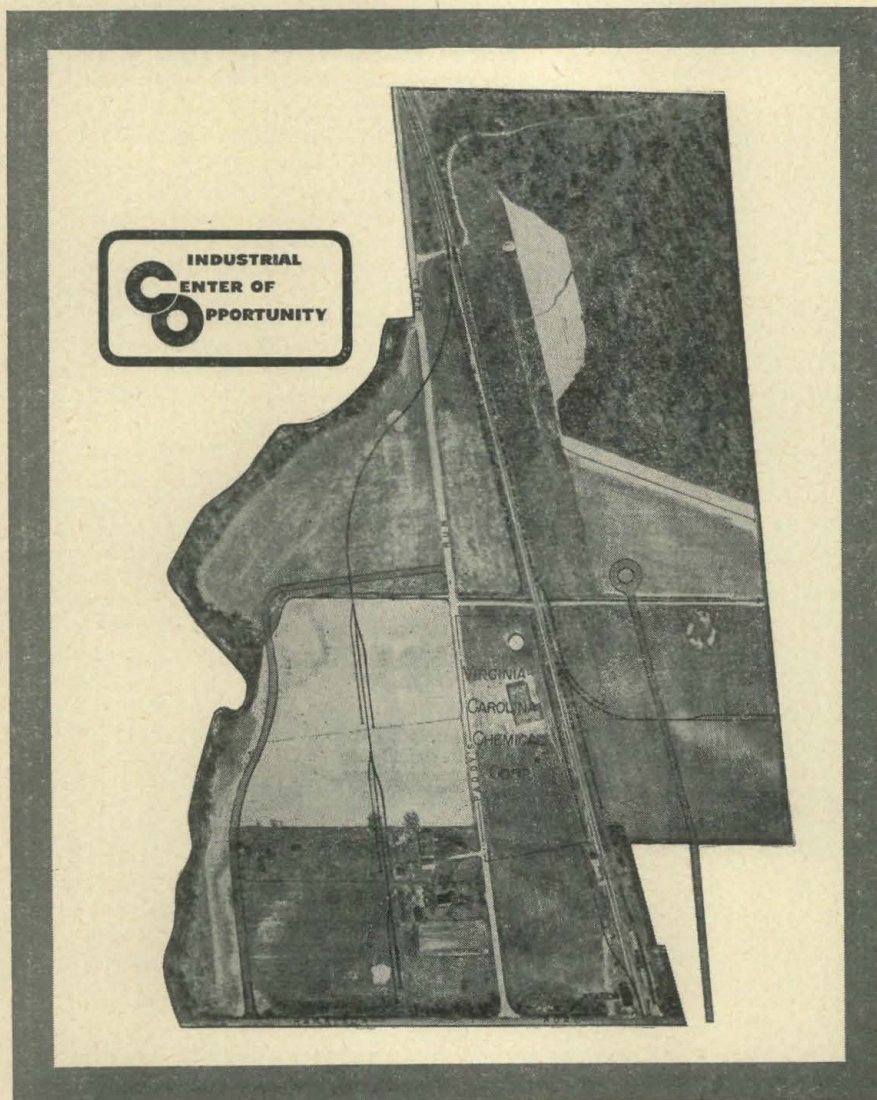
cinnati. The fastest-growing suburban areas of Cincinnati already reach out to within 8 or 10 miles of the site, so ample labor is readily available.

The main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway crosses the area and connects with other trunk lines to afford excellent transportation to all parts of the country. It is served by the Cincinnati Gas & Electric Company.

The C&O owns 88 acres alongside its tracks. There is plenty of adjoining acreage available.

Seldom have we been able to offer industrial sites which had so many desirable features. For a Pin-Point Survey giving full information write to: Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, Industrial Development Department, Cleveland 1, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, or Huntington, W. Va.

*Proposed development of part of
the Fernald, Ohio industrial area.*



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THE Freeman

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1953

The Fortnight

President Eisenhower's speech to the United Nations, which we comment upon elsewhere, was a fresh move in the direction of appeasement of Soviet Russia. The Communists responded as they responded to the Baruch plan and all other such previous efforts. The Moscow radio rejected the President's plan and denounced it as "war-mongering." This was a sufficient excuse for Mr. Eisenhower to abandon a proposal that, if we tried to put it into effect, could only increase the threat to American security. Instead he chose to ignore "any twenty-four hour reaction by Soviet officials" and to press for acceptance. There is grave danger, therefore, that Russia's reaction will have its intended effect—which is to force us to go even further in our offers and concessions in order to prove that we are not "war-mongering." Peace is a precious prize, but seldom won by those who too obviously seek it. When will we learn that the road to peace is not through appeasement? It was appeasement of Hitler which brought on a frightful war that early firmness on the part of the democracies could have prevented. It is precisely our earlier appeasement of Soviet Russia that has built it up to such a menace today.

Yet the Eisenhower Administration, and its envoy, Arthur H. Dean, must be congratulated for at last showing a capacity for resentment, firmness, and decision. After listening through three hours of studied abuse and vituperation from the Communist delegates, during which they once more accused the United States of having "plotted" with Syngman Rhee to free the 27,000 North Korean prisoners of war who were unwilling to return to Communist control, Mr. Dean got up and walked out of the meeting hut at Panmunjom, leaving the Chinese and North Korean Communists with their tirade apparently uncompleted. He then announced that the break-off was "indefinite", that he would wait one week and no longer for the Communists to retract their charges of American perfidy, and that if they failed to do so "the time will have come for a definite decision" by the U.N. on the next step.

This is the only possible way (if there is any way) for an understanding with the Communists to be reached. But it is inconsistent and foolish of us, at the same time as we take this firm step, to be pleading with the Communists for still other meetings, where they can again haggle, obstruct, and stall, and once more humiliate, insult, and abuse us, while we vainly try to "reach an understanding" on an "atomic energy pool" or any other subject. Unless there is good faith on both sides (and who any longer is really so naive as to expect good faith from the Communists?), such understandings or agreements can only prove disastrous for the side that abides by them.

Still trying to wisecrack his way into the White House, Adlai Stevenson declared at one of those Democratic \$100-a-plate dinners that "four fears" had replaced the "four freedoms." These were fears of depression, of Communism, of ourselves, and of freedom itself. We submit that at least three of these are fears that Mr. Stevenson himself is busily trying to instill into the American people. It is he and his left-wing clique who keep trying to intimate that a "Republican depression" may soon be upon us, that our present government is not to be trusted, and that freedom of discussion is in danger.

If it is in danger, it will be because the Stevensons succeed in intimidating anybody from mentioning, for example, that Harry Dexter White was discovered by the FBI to be a Soviet spy and that Harry Truman promoted White after he was told this. It is not this appalling act, but Attorney General Brownell's courage in making it public that Stevenson once more denounces. If Adlai does not himself fear Communism, it seems to be almost the only thing he doesn't fear. But then, as he revealed when he served as a character witness for Alger Hiss, Adlai can't even tell a Communist when he sees one.

At the beginning of the 1953 marketing year on April 1, the government was loaded down with 429,000,000 pounds of dairy products. Instead of being able to get rid of them, it has now accumulated 931,000,000 pounds, and further

additions seem likely. In fact, a report of the Department of Agriculture indicates it has about given up hope of selling its current supplies of 251,000,000 pounds of butter, 254,000,000 pounds of cheese, and 425,000,000 pounds of dried milk back to the trade before next spring. The trouble is, the department says, that milk production is unseasonably high. Of course one of the things that helps to make it unseasonably high is the government's buying program itself, which raises the price and increases the incentive to over-production. Thus our farmers are encouraged to produce milk, butter, and cheese to be piled up and allowed to turn rancid in government warehouses.

But the hallmark of your true economic planner is that he never learns anything at all from the collapse of his preceding plans. The delegates of thirty nations who have been meeting in Geneva, Switzerland, have drafted an agreement to "stabilize" the world price of tin. If enough tin consuming and producing countries can be got to ratify the program it could start next spring. The planners will seek to keep the price of tin in London between the equivalent of 80 cents and \$1.10 a pound. To stabilize prices arbitrarily is automatically to unstabilize production. But the world planners have learned nothing from the failure of practically every preceding commodity price stabilization plan, from AAA to the British rubber restriction scheme.

Another session of the United Nations Assembly has come and gone. For three months, hundreds of delegates from all over the world, with their thousands of aides and hangers-on, have been milling about the eastern seaboard. Most of them have "diplomatic immunity," and a lot of them have been using it for all it is worth. And there is plenty besides espionage that "immunity" can enable you to get away with. Some of the scandals are, indeed, becoming notorious. Counting the charges to the individual nations and to the U. N. itself, the cost of this session must easily run above \$20,000,000. Will someone please tell us what it accomplished—what one single thing of the slightest value to any of the world's taxpayers from whom that money is extracted? Granted, three or four good speeches were delivered. But you don't need to spend \$20,000,000 to get a few good political speeches telecast. The networks will do it free. Apart from that, nothing: just exactly nothing. Not one issue squarely faced; not one issue settled. A motion to deplore this, another to refer that, and the rest swallowed up in East Rivers of verbiage.

Richard Nixon has had to absorb a lot of jeers, and smears, since the day when he was nominated as Dwight Eisenhower's running mate. We think

it proper to record that by all accounts he has conducted himself admirably on his round-the-world mission. The accounts are in this case good evidence, because they are for the most part written by reporters who are not admirers of the Vice President. It is a long time since any official or semi-official world traveler has given so forthright and yet friendly a defense of the American point of view as Mr. Nixon has expressed in his public addresses and interviews during this trip. The Vice President's political style has always been flavored with a certain amount of what is called "corn," but this does not seem to have proved offensive. It apparently went down well on such occasions as the day in Burma when he jumped out of his car to argue personally with the anti-American demonstrators. The contrast between the whole performance and the soft, urbane, and "cosmopolitan" turn recently put on by Adlai Stevenson on the same circuit seems to us altogether in favor of Mr. Nixon.

Some odd discrepancies are coming to light between the version of the Ickes diaries as they appeared in *Look* magazine and as they appear in the book of some 364,000 words published by Simon and Schuster. The *Look* version, for example, contains the following entry under the date of July 16, 1935: "I had an interesting talk with Secretary of War Dern . . . He feels about Red hunting just as I do and thinks it is absurd to deny Communists an opportunity to express themselves or to have a ticket on the ballot. He thinks, as I do, that we are working toward a society of modified communism . . ." This last sentence, which throws at least as bright a light as any in the diary on the ideology of the early New Dealers, does not appear in the book version. What editor deleted it? And why?

In our issue of November 2 we called to the attention of our readers a petition to the President launched by Herbert Hoover and many other important public figures expressing opposition to the admission of Red China to the United Nations. Originally, the aim was to obtain 200 signatures to the petition. However, the response was so great that it was necessary to form a special committee to take care of the thousands of requests to sign. This group is called the Committee for One Million (the number now aimed at); copies of the petition for signature may be obtained by writing to this group at 36 West 44 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Humans are a contrary lot. Every time there is a particularly bad storm, hurricane, tornado, fog, smog, or smaze, a lot of people start blaming the atom bomb. Over most of the country, this autumn has had some mighty fine weather, but we have yet to hear anyone give the bomb credit for it.

Eisenhower's Dud

As an old soldier President Eisenhower should recognize the difference between a live shell and a dud. His much publicized address in the United Nations falls in the second category. Framed in a "Let's Pretend" spirit that was most appropriate to the audience and the setting, the speech seems clearly destined for a familiar fate: polite applause and quick oblivion.

The central practical proposal for a kind of fair-shares-of-uranium scheme, under which a U.N. agency would develop for constructive purposes contributions of fissionable material from nations now in possession of atomic facilities, seems likely to founder on several obstacles. The first and most obvious of these is the extreme unlikelihood of Soviet participation in an arrangement which would cast some light on the size of the Soviet atomic stockpile.

Nor would there be any reason to believe that the Soviet contribution, if, surprisingly, it were made, would be in fair proportion to Soviet atomic resources. The difficulties of obtaining agreement between the United States, Great Britain, Canada, and the Soviet Union as to worthwhile projects of development are formidable, to put it mildly. And on the basis of past experience it would be hard to obtain safeguards that Soviet representatives in such a project would have any real objective except to carry out as much espionage as might be feasible.

The President's suggestion is a much diluted version of the Baruch Plan for international ownership of all atomic resources and manufacturing facilities. This plan was approved by other leading members of the U.N. but immediately encountered a stone wall of Soviet negation. And perhaps this was just as well, because the hard truth of the matter is that no scheme of limited or complete disarmament, in atomic or "conventional" weapons, depending on Soviet good will and good faith, could conceivably be a good American security risk.

Agreed limitation of armaments can only be effective when it is unnecessary, as between two nations like the United States and Canada, which under no conceivable circumstances would go to war against each other. There is no such thing as a foolproof arms limitation convention between two powers which are distrustful of each others' intentions. And there are two special characteristics of the Soviet Union which would make any such convention, even if it were backed by provisions for mutual inspection, a scrap of paper of very dubious value.

One of these is the terrorist dictatorship in the Soviet Union, which would make it impossible to expect any cooperation from Soviet citizens in uncovering violations of the convention. The other is the vast unexplored space of the Soviet Union,

especially in its Asiatic regions, little known before the 1917 Revolution and completely shut off now from foreign visits. A good many forbidden plants, operated with slave labor, could be tucked away in Northern Siberia or Central Asia, while a U.N. inspection team would be kept cooling its heels in Moscow and other large cities.

In addressing the United Nations—the very name of which has become a piece of unconscious irony—the President was obliged to use the language of make-believe and "Let's Pretend." But few Americans, with the memory of the Korean fiasco so fresh and vivid, will share the President's conviction that the United Nations will or can provide any great share of "wisdom, courage, and faith."

In repudiating the idea that "we shun the conference table" it would not have been out of place to summarize the dismal results of past conferences with representatives of Communist states—the two futile conferences on Germany in 1947, the dreary run-around at the Palais Rose, where months of talk failed to produce an agenda in 1951, the endless sessions at Panmunjom.

As if to emphasize the optimistic unreality of the President's declaration that we approach the projected meeting of Foreign Ministers "with hopeful sincerity," the Communist Chinese and North Korean delegates, almost simultaneously with the delivery of Eisenhower's speech, were rejecting as "absurd, meaningless, and stupid" the final U.N. offer for a conference on a Korean settlement. Communist stalling and obstruction had already delayed this conference far beyond the date contemplated in the armistice agreement.

It has been suggested that the President's address before the United Nations was designed to divert attention from the failure of the Bermuda Conference to produce any visible results. Certainly, in spite of the political stature of the participants, Bermuda seems to have led to nothing except a chill for French Prime Minister Laniel, resentment in France over alleged snubs to French representatives, and some hurt feelings on the part of Sir Winston Churchill over Eisenhower's taking of the spotlight so quickly at the U.N.

Another negative fruit of Bermuda was general resentment of newspaper and radio correspondents over the exaggerated secrecy in which the meeting was held. This secrecy was apparently a cover-up not for important decisions, but for the failure to reach important decisions.

It is doubtful whether anything was accomplished at Bermuda that could not have been done through use of the mails and normal diplomatic channels. It is even more doubtful whether anything but new evidence of disagreement can come out of a meeting

with representatives of Soviet Russia at any level.

But one dud does not excuse another. The Bermuda meeting might just as well not have been held. The President's speech might just as well not have been delivered.

A Republican Split?

Whenever a public dispute arises between the White House and one or another Republican in Congress, the sound of eager purring and of chops being licked can be heard wide in the land. Over the past couple of weeks, the three-cornered skirmish featuring the President, the Secretary of State, and Senator McCarthy has particularly whetted a number of appetites. To some noses it smells as if a juicy feast of split elephant is shaping up.

We believe that these hungry hopes are going to be disappointed. We are confident that the responsible leaders of the Republican Party are not going to permit an irrevocable break that would prove suicidal for the party itself and gravely injurious to the interests of the nation. At the same time we do not dismiss the danger, nor minimize the shrewdness of the tactics that from the moment of Dwight Eisenhower's nomination have sought to provoke a split.

There is some misunderstanding even in this country about one feature of our two-party system—the system that experience has shown to be the firmest foundation for our form of government. We do not have strict and narrow “ideological” or “class” parties in the European manner. If each social class (farmers, workers, businessmen, aristocrats, refugees, or whatever) and each point of view (socialism, monarchy, liberalism, conservatism, etc.) is going to insist on its own independent political organization, then there inevitably develops that multiplicity of parties which in the end stultifies the democratic process.

Each of our two great parties is in reality a national coalition in which many differing ideologies, groups, and tendencies are loosely united. What holds each together is its practical functioning as an electoral machine, and certain very general traditions, ideas, and sentiments. It follows that the internal structure of both parties is fluid and changing. Within each the differing groups and tendencies battle for supremacy, with varying fortune. Sometimes one group wins a clear-cut (though never more than temporary) victory. More often there is a compromise that is likely to prove offensive to ideological purists but is of the essence of the two-party system.

The party in power, unrestrained by the sorrows of opposition, is always the more open in displaying its conflicts. Moreover, it is plunged into the additional conflicts among the three branches of

government that are also and by design part of our system.

It is, therefore, not strange but rather healthy and normal that the White House should dispute with Congress, that President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles should cross political swords with this or that Republican leader.

But the enemies of the Republican Party, who are in some cases also enemies of the nation, are trying to aggravate these disputes into something that is not healthy or normal. Their aim—natural enough, since they are enemies—is not to promote the vigorous growth of the party, but to destroy it. This they believe they can do by opening and widening a breach between the President and the conservative wing of the party. They find it expedient to picture the conflict as “Eisenhower vs. McCarthy.” This is a distortion of the real situation. Senator McCarthy, as everyone knows, is atypical. What they are after is to cut the President off from the solid, substantial bloc of Republican Senators, Congressmen, and Governors, many from the Midwest, who are the enduring core of the party.

This tactic has recommended itself to the Democrats, which is not surprising. It has also been consistently pursued by many of the newspapers and columnists who, after years of service to New Dealism, became prominent pre-Convention Eisenhower supporters. The *Albany* brothers and the *Washington Post* are examples.

The slogan used by the promoters of the tactic is: “President Eisenhower should assume the leadership of the Republican Party.” Agreed. That a President should be the leader of his party is surely proper. But why should “leadership” in this case be interpreted to mean setting himself against a large group of the party's tested and loyal members, and most of those citizens who voted the party into office?

For the President to “lead,” does it mean that he is supposed to act like a New Dealer?

Unfortunately, President Eisenhower has allowed himself to be surrounded by advisers who almost seem to think so. This appears to be true of Sherman Adams, and we gather that it is even more strikingly so of the President's brother, Milton Eisenhower. By all reports, Milton Eisenhower is a very active influence within the President's immediate circle. It is observable that this recent White House “offensive” against fellow-Republicans followed close upon Dr. Eisenhower's return from his Latin American trip.

It would be our notion that for the President to “assume leadership” would mean: first, that he should give bolder, more inspiring leadership to the nation along the lines of his campaign pledges and the voters' expectations; and second, that as occasion decently permits he should strengthen and preserve his own chosen party against the attacks of its enemies and rivals. It

may be necessary now and then for the President to criticize, if he disagrees with it, some policy that has been advocated by Senator McCarthy or some other Republican. But if so, it would seem to be at least equally appropriate that he should once in a while criticize, or even attack quite sharply, policies advocated by Democrats and semi- or fair-weather Republicans.

It is a profound error to suppose that in our system a political leader can be "above party." A king or a dictator can be above party, but our system is a party system, and our politics are party politics. There is no point where President Eisenhower's political inexperience is more specifically a handicap than in his lack of acquaintance with the complex processes of a party. Robert Taft could have helped him through these rough shoals. If no one can yet quite replace Robert Taft, there are among the Republican Governors and members of Congress men of vision, experience, and tact upon whom the President can call, and who will give him far better aid and advice in these matters than he has recently been receiving.

Dwight Eisenhower will do well to understand that no President can lead our country well unless he is a good leader of his party; and no man leads a party well who allows its enemies to smash it.

The Newspaper Fiasco

The settlement of the photo-engravers' strike, which caused most New York newspapers to suspend publication for ten days, is much less important than the damage the strike did to the rights of the press, the validity of union contracts, and the whole business of what we elect to call collective bargaining in this country. The strike itself was in the best tradition of American labor relations. The union of photo-engravers is an old, tightly-organized craft union of skilled workers. As these things go, its members have done well by themselves, earning before the strike \$3.31 an hour for day work and \$3.61 for night work. Their normal work-week is thirty-six and a quarter hours; for the first four hours of overtime they receive time and a half and for additional hours double time. The terms of the settlement will raise their present wages and other benefits still further, the exact amount to be determined after a fact-finding board announces its findings.

If all that had happened was the strike of the photo-engravers, this episode would be of no special significance. The photo-engravers made demands, sensible or foolish, excessive or moderate, and they were within their rights to accept or reject the newspaper publishers' counter-offers. They were also within their rights to choose to strike rather than arbitrate, ill-advised as that action may under all the circumstances have seemed.

But the refusal of photo-engravers to work would not by itself have shut down the newspapers. That achievement must be credited to the several unions of mechanical, editorial, and commercial employees. For it was these unions which ordered their members not to cross the engravers' picket lines and thus effectively prevented the newspapers from operating. All of these unions deliberately and knowingly adopted this policy of acting in concert with the engravers, although they and their members were bound by contracts which they had voluntarily entered into with the employers. There is nothing in these contracts which permits unions to strike or employers to lock out whenever they feel like behaving that way. If there were, such contracts would have slight value and there would be little point in making them.

No agent of the Department of Justice would have much difficulty in deciding what similar conduct by groups of employers would mean in the eyes of the law. Concerted action of this type is plainly a species of conspiracy, entered into for the purpose of fixing prices. It is, or should be, no less conspiratorial when done by labor unions. All of the surrounding circumstances in this episode made the actions by the unions, which themselves were not in dispute with the publishers, a clear case of conspiracy. The sympathetic strike of this collection of newspaper unions afforded the publishers an excellent opportunity to find out what protection, if any, they had in the law. The great mystery is why the publishers failed to assert their rights and to undertake to make some little contribution to public enlightenment and to the public interest. Our large metropolitan newspapers publish a plethora of words about labor unions, labor law, labor relations, government policy, and the like. But when, in the conduct of their own affairs, they encountered the pure and unadulterated force of private power, of which organized labor is the obvious embodiment, they seem hardly to have read what so often and so voluminously appears in their columns.

The Administration in Washington, which is again wrestling with the task of making Taft-Hartley more palatable to the A.F.L. and the C.I.O., might, likewise, to its profit study the course of events in this latest manifestation of the extensive power possessed and wielded by labor unions in the United States. Sober consideration of this potent and threatening feature of our organized labor movement might persuade the authorities in Washington to strengthen, not weaken, the country's basic labor law. And, while it was engaged in this piece of research, the Administration might learn something from the warnings sounded by representatives of newspaper publishers in the period of code-making under the NRA when the fear of what unionization might do to freedom of the press was clearly and forcibly put on the record.

Gouzenko Trouble

There must be something more to the recent flare-up over Igor Gouzenko than has been permitted to reach the public eye. On the surface the incident seems much too trivial to have caused such a ruckus in both Ottawa and Washington.

Gouzenko, it will be recalled, is the cipher clerk who in 1945 walked out of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa with a case full of secret documents. Canada gave him asylum, and his testimony uncovered an espionage ring that stretched the length and breadth of North America. A dozen or so Canadian and British citizens were fined or jailed. It was reported that Gouzenko had implicated United States citizens also, but these links were never pursued in public.

Since then Gouzenko has become a Canadian citizen and been living under an assumed identity "somewhere in Canada." Some weeks ago an interview, allegedly with him, appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*. He was reported as criticizing the authorities for having failed to follow up his leads, which, he insisted, would have exposed additional espionage rings still operating in the United States as well as Canada.

Thereupon the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, through the State Department, requested permission of the Canadian government to question Gouzenko. Ottawa refused on the ground that the *Tribune* interview was spurious. Gouzenko got word out that it was, on the contrary, authentic, and the State Department renewed the request. Amid furious clamor in the Canadian press and parliament, External Affairs Minister Lester Pearson granted a permission hedged in with various restrictions. Gouzenko could be questioned only under Canadian supervision and procedure; Canada could prevent use or publication of any sections of the testimony. The State Department concluded, no doubt correctly, that nothing further could be done, and the subcommittee has agreed to go ahead on this unsatisfactory basis.

Meanwhile, though the Jenner committee questioning will be thus hedged about, newspaper reporters seem able to question Gouzenko much more freely, as reflected by Tania Long's interview with him in the *New York Times* of December 11.

We hope that the mysteries will soon be dispelled. But it is impossible not to suspect, in view of what has happened so far, that someone is trying to obstruct the truth. Canada is doubtless within her diplomatic rights. Nevertheless, this is a most strange procedure for so intimate a friend and neighbor, faced with exactly the same basic problems as our own. If Gouzenko has told everything he knows, as Canada at first claimed, then it couldn't do any harm for him to tell some of it over again. If he hasn't, it is surely high time that he be given an unintimidated chance to do so.

Why is it that there are still so many persons in public life who get indignant not at the Communist underground but at those who want to expose it? Who is hiding what? Who is covering for whom?

Mme. Pandit's Little Joke

Mme. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, president of the United Nations General Assembly, told 900 boys and girls from New York City's schools, at the New York Mirror Youth Forum, that "there has been too much talk of advice from us of the older generation who have bungled the affairs of this world and now is the time for us to take a back seat and let young people come forward so that a way may be found out of the impasse that confronts us today." If Mme. Pandit is referring to herself as one who has bungled the affairs of this world, we wouldn't think of contradicting so shrewd if belated an observation. But if Mme. Pandit is really sincere in thinking that it is time she took a back seat, and is not merely spoofing the school children, then we suggest that she resign immediately as president of the United Nations General Assembly, and recommend, say, some fifteen-year-old girl to take her place.

The truth is, of course, that no one is supposed to take Mme. Pandit's statements very seriously, and least of all Mme. Pandit. This is just one of those specimens of mock-humility that it has been considered clever and fashionable for a whole generation of self-styled "progressives" to pass along to Youth. They have been passing along this particular specimen, in fact, ever since the outbreak of World War One. What they forget is that Youth, lacking experience, knowledge, background, and wisdom, takes these things literally. It believes what it is told, especially when it is told that it is wiser than its parents. It proceeds quite literally to act as if such statements were true, and blithely dismisses most of the accumulated knowledge of the race, without troubling too much to find out what this knowledge was. It thereupon makes more of a mess of things than ever.

In general this goes on under the name of Progressive Education. It seems about time some of us pointed out that while "we of the older generation" have made many mistakes, we also have some considerable achievements to our credit, and that these achievements are in the main the result, not of being ignorant of the discoveries of everybody older than ourselves, but of humbly learning what these were and building on them. Perhaps some day even the Mme. Pandits will learn that the direction of affairs might be best entrusted not to the hands of Youth as such, but to the hands of the wise, the informed, and the competent, from whatever age group they may happen to come.

Balance Sheet for 1953

The FREEMAN lists below its Credit-Debit summary of the major events of the year. Certain important items are omitted because of uncertainty about the facts or outcome: the removal of Beria, Russia's possession of the A-H bombs, the Trieste affair, the Bricker Amendment.

CREDITS

Inauguration of a Republican President

After twenty years of the Democratic Administration with its enormous patronage, a change was essential if a shift in the direction of a one-party state was to be avoided.

Deneutralization of Formosa

In his State of the Union Message President Eisenhower announced: "I am issuing instructions that the Seventh Fleet no longer be employed to shield Communist China." The question had long existed in many minds why Truman's orders to the Seventh Fleet were continued a single day after the Chinese Communists opened their attack on us.

Abolition of Price and Wage Controls

The first positive act of the new President was the immediate removal of all wage and most price controls which had been in effect since January 26, 1951, and were due to expire April 30. On March 17 the last price controls were completely abolished. Contrary to the dire warnings of the controlists, no substantial increase in prices or wages followed.

Death of Joseph Stalin

On March 4 this astute and powerful leader, this "genius of patience, continuity, cruelty, and fraud" was removed forever from the commanding staff of the world Communist conspiracy. The advantages to accrue from his death are still undeveloped, but the East German riots (see below) gave evidence that the Kremlin was weakened by the loss both in force of will and prestige of one of the bloodiest tyrants mankind has ever known.

Tidelands Oil Bill Passed

The principle of states' rights was furthered when on May 22 President Eisenhower signed the Submerged Lands Act, ceding to the states the title to 17,000,000 acres of submerged land and resources along the American coastline to a distance of from three and a half to ten miles offshore.

East German Riots

On June 17 workers in the Soviet zone of Berlin rose against the "dictatorship of the proletariat," burned Soviet flags, stoned Soviet tanks, and demanded the resignation of the Kremlin's puppet government. Within a few days similar uprisings occurred in a number of other cities of East Ger-

many. The Soviet Army suppressed the riot, but it could not suppress the knowledge that an aroused people had dared to oppose the police state.

Truce in Korea

On July 27 all military action in Korea officially halted. The very fact of peace must be set down as a gain, entirely apart from offsetting consequences that cannot yet be foreseen.

Election of Konrad Adenauer

In choosing Chancellor Adenauer in their elections on September 6 the people of West Germany, by an impressive majority, voted for a free market economy, for the military, economic, and political integration of West Europe, and for association with the responsibilities and risks of defending Europe against the totalitarian threat.

New Loyalty-Security Program

Early in February the Eisenhower Administration abolished the distinction between "loyalty" and "security" which had prevailed in Truman's program concerning federal employment. In consequence by September 30 1,456 persons were out of government service—by dismissal or resignation.

The Harry Dexter White Case

On November 6 Attorney General Brownell identified the late Harry Dexter White as a spy for Soviet Russia, and announced that this fact was duly reported by the FBI to former President Truman in December 1945, while White was still Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and prior to his appointment in 1946 to the post of U.S. Director of the International Monetary Fund. In all the ensuing controversy those statements remained unquestioned. For the first time information in the FBI files on Communists in government was made public. After the silence and denials of the Truman Administration on this question, the airing of the White case by the head of the department in charge of the records was reassuring.

Prosperity

Measured in dollar terms, 1953 was the most prosperous year in American history. Our estimated gross national product—total output of goods and services—was \$369,000,000,000, compared with \$348,000,000,000 in 1952. (This reflected, of course, not only high production and "full employment," but inflated prices.)

DEBITS

Taxes

On the basis of Republican promises in the 1952 campaign the American people looked for early action in the direction of a general tax reduction. They were disappointed. The excess profits tax, which was scheduled to expire June 30, was extended to December 31. The 11 per cent boost in individual income taxes, imposed as a result of the Korean war and due to expire at the end of the year, was retained. Likewise, the Administration opposed pushing forward the date for a decrease in excise taxes and a 5 per cent reduction in the corporate income tax, both scheduled for April 1, 1954. Despite views to the contrary among some members of Congress, the President insisted a balanced budget must be the condition for lowering taxes.

The Budget

Though President Eisenhower had stated before his election that the federal budget could be cut as much as \$40,000,000,000, when he presented his own budget for the fiscal year that began last July 1, it turned out he was planning to spend more than \$74,000,000,000, a figure higher than was spent in any fiscal year under Truman. In addition, by mid-summer the national debt had reached the staggering sum of \$272,000,000,000. The President's request that Congress increase the legal debt limit from \$275,000,000,000 to \$290,000,000,000 was temporarily shelved. Any serious proposals for a responsible budget system that would bring expenditures down to a reasonable level of taxation have not been forthcoming.

Italian Elections

On June 7 the Italian people went to the polls for their first national election since 1948, when they voted overwhelmingly on the side of the West. Not so in 1953. The Center parties, dominated by De Gasperi's Christian Democrats, lost 20.4 per cent of the vote they received in 1948. The loss was in favor of the Communists and the left-wing Socialists, headed by Pietro Nenni. In the subsequent debacle, when De Gasperi, leader of the Christian Democrats, was unable to form a workable cabinet, the right-wing Socialists threw in their votes with Nenni. De Gasperi's colleague and successor, Giuseppe Pella, has proved an able premier, but his position is insecure because of this trend to the Left.

Terms of the Korean Truce

No American could feel anything but relief at the end of the war in Korea, which cost the United States 140,000 casualties. But the terms of the truce made it a defeat in all the essentials of the war against Communism. The United Nations failed to honor its promise of protection to deserters to its side. Instead, prisoners of the United Nations

who were hostile to Communism and unwilling to be repatriated were subjected to prolonged detention and what amounted to inquisitorial "explanations" by the officers from whom they had fled. To date, five months after the end of the war, 3,421 Allied prisoners in the hands of the Communists are still unaccounted for. Korea remains divided; South Korea and Japan are open to aerial attack from new bases in North Korea. The prospects for an early or effective political conference are almost hopeless.

Death of Robert A. Taft

The passing of Senator Taft on July 31 left a serious vacuum in the political life of the nation that has not been filled. Not only did the Republican Party lose its irreplaceable guide and leader. Congress lost a man who knew and understood more about government than any other of its members, and the American people a forceful spokesman for their individual liberties.

Labor Relations

A break between the unions and the Administration occurred August 31 when Secretary of Labor Martin P. Durkin resigned because President Eisenhower failed to submit to Congress nineteen amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act endorsed by labor. On the part of the C.I.O. that break turned into open hostilities at its convention in November. The Administration was accused of making government a "subordinate ally of big business"; there was a unanimous vote for repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. Judging from the speech at that convention of the present Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell, and reports as to amendments the Administration intends to propose, it would seem that Mr. Eisenhower will make some concessions to labor, try stop-gap measures, generally follow a so-called middle-of-the-road position. That leaves still unresolved the important question of what is to be done with the basic law to make it better serve the whole public interest, not labor alone.

Farm Policy

In the first months of the year the Administration showed signs of favoring a shift from the dependence of farmers on high price-supports to their integration into a free market economy. The Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson, backed a sliding-scale supports system, which would decrease supports when production is high, increase them when production is low. After ten years of fixed high supports, the farmers bitterly oppose such a change. They are further disgruntled by a continuing price-cost "squeeze"—a 4 per cent drop in farm prices against less than 2 per cent in farm costs. In a speech on October 15 the President promised that the "price support principle must be part of any future farm program." Prognostications are that the farm program will continue as now on the books.

The Case Against Progressive Income Taxes

By F. A. HAYEK

They violate basic political and economic principles, contends an eminent economist, and should be replaced by a system built on the principle of proportionality.

The demand of Marx and Engels in the *Communist Manifesto* for "a heavy progressive or graduated income tax" was a revolutionary proposal intended to serve the main aim of their program—"to centralize all instruments of production in the hands of the state."

During the century which has passed since then, progressive taxation has not only become a highly respectable and almost universally practiced instrument of social policy, but the rate of progression in some countries, such as Great Britain, has reached levels which even Marx and Engels, though they would approve, would view with surprise. The violent battles which, until forty years ago, were fought over the principle have been forgotten. For about a generation progression has been accepted as a matter of course.

This development has at last caused a revival of interest in the argument in support of the principle. We have recently been given a very instructive academic study of the history of the progressive principle in the British income tax¹, which is exceedingly useful to the student, though quite neutral in its attitude. And now we have before us a highly important essay by two University of Chicago lawyers² which has recently appeared in book form, and which subjects the whole range of arguments advanced in support of the principle to searching criticism.

The aim of Messrs. Blum and Kalven is mainly to examine the arguments which have been advanced in the past in support of progression. No more is claimed for them than that "if a strong case for progression can be made out affirmatively, these objections would not stand in the way. But if the doubts about the affirmative case for progression increase, these objections would take on greater weight." This they do increasingly as one follows the two authors through the central part of their essay.

It is a disturbing experience to pass in review the various and divergent attempts which were made to give intellectual respectability to a prejudice—to something which the spirit of the time had

somehow designated as "good" and yet which all the ingenuity of its supporters could not quite reconcile with the basic tradition that a law, to be just, must mete out equal treatment to all. These economists paid little heed to Alfred Marsall's warning that an economist should distrust himself most when he finds his conclusions are extremely popular. They were, rather, carried away by the unwonted popularity of their theoretical construction and heaped refinement upon refinement to "prove" what they felt must be right and to produce what our authors call "the tantalizing combination of plausible, ingenious, and improbable ideas which make up the case for progression in terms of sacrifice and ability to pay."

The Marginal Utility Theory

The worst case of misspent ingenuity, I am afraid, seems to me now the attempt to use marginal utility analysis in support of progression. Although the late Lord Stamp once seriously contended that "it was not until the marginal theory was thoroughly worked out on its psychological side that progressive taxation obtained a really secure basis in principle," it seems now clear that it was only in the rashness of its immaturity that it could have led careful thinkers to draw such conclusions from it. The early recognition that there was no objective way of comparing the utilities of different persons should have been sufficient to stop all this. But when it was fully realized that utility had meaning only as a relative concept, as stating a man's preferences between different goods, it further became clear that the application of the concept of decreasing marginal utility to income as a whole, counting in everything which a person enjoys, was meaningless. Even for any one person there could then be no foundation for saying that successive increments of income had for him a decreasing utility.

The situation is of course different if we exclude some elements of human welfare, such as effort or leisure, from our conception of income. For such a restricted income concept it makes at least sense to say that as money income increases its marginal utility in terms of effort or leisure

¹ F. Shehab, *Progressive Taxation*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1953
² Walter J. Blum and Harry Kalven, Jr., *The Uneasy Case for Progressive Taxation*. The University of Chicago Press, 1953

is likely to fall—though we should still find it difficult to ascertain by how much it will fall.

But if we introduce the assumptions commonly made to justify progressive taxation, a curious paradox results. If it were true, as the supporters of progressive taxation would have to contend, that the utility of proportional additions to income decreases in terms of effort an income increases, this would mean that in order to provide the same incentive for the rich man to exert himself, an increase in income would be required more than proportional to what is sufficient for a poorer man. From an incentive point of view this argument would thus lead to the advocacy of degressive taxation, since it is clearly as important to stimulate the efforts of those whose services are of the greatest value to society.

The conclusion we must draw, it seems to me, is that in this connection we ought to leave the utility theory severely alone in the future and try to do our best to undo the disservice which its abuse has done in the past.

The Real Aim

Perhaps the most striking feature of the story told by Messrs. Blum and Kalven is how long nearly all the advocates of progressive taxation, except the Socialists, have insisted on treating it as if it were a problem of distributing a given tax burden and have ignored the fact that its aim was a redistribution of incomes. It was, as our authors rightly point out, the great merit of the late Henry Simons to have made clear that "the case for drastic progression in taxation must be rested on the case against inequality." But a redistribution of incomes which we can call just presupposes that we have a standard of distributive justice other than the values which the services of the different people have on the market—which we haven't. It is for this reason that once we embark upon it we are, in a famous phrase of J. R. McCulloch of which the authors remind us, "at sea without rudder or compass and there is no amount of injustice or folly you may not commit."

It is for this reason also that the old objection, that progression is "a politically irresponsible formula" because it means that "a majority are allowed to set the rates which fall exclusively on the minority," is even more serious than our authors seem to make it. It is rather alarming how lightly some earlier authors treated this point. One wonders whether fifty years later Professor E. R. A. Seligman would still have brushed it away with the sentence: "There is no advantage in conjuring up fanciful dangers which have been disproved by experience."

The general impression which the present essay conveys, that two or three generations of effort to provide an intellectual justification for progressive taxation have been unsuccessful, is no

doubt correct. Its only justification is that the majority in its present state of mind regards progressive taxation as just. And to this belief all that effort has no doubt contributed a good deal.

But even the opinions of a majority are in the long run not impervious to a convincing demonstration of the harmfulness of what today they thoughtlessly approve. It is for this reason that one would wish that Messrs. Blum and Kalven, after having exposed the flimsiness of the case for progression, had once more returned to the arguments against it. Surely the experience of a generation with progression reaching rates of which its early advocates never dreamed has taught us a great deal about its harmful effects which is not yet generally understood.

What is perhaps least understood is the strong moral case that can be made against progression, because it infringes the one basic rule of economic justice: equal pay for equal work. This is the inevitable and highly inequitable result of increasing the rate of taxation with the income earned during a period of time. Two professional men may render exactly the same services during the month of December, but if the one has been very active during the earlier parts of the year while the other did little, the net remuneration after taxation of the former for what he did in December may be very much less than that of the latter.

The whole principle of progressive taxation tends to fix what the majority regards as appropriate annual incomes rather than rewards commensurate with services rendered. Under it there is no real remedy for the effect that, if the reward for a man's lifework is concentrated in a few years, it will be more heavily taxed than if it were spread evenly over a long period. But while it makes sense to use the aggregate income of a man during his life as the basis of taxation, it does not make sense to base it on the rate at which he earns it during an arbitrary period.

The viewpoint which has determined the whole approach to this problem is entirely that of the salaried man, who thinks of income in terms of time sold rather than in terms of the value of particular services to society. Only to such minds could an argument appeal like that expressed in the phrase, much used as an argument for progression, that "no man could be worth more to society than \$100,000 a year." As soon as we leave out the reference to the year, and ask whether there is a limit to the value to society of what a man might do in an hour or perhaps even in five minutes, the emptiness of the contention is at once obvious.

There is no space here to show at length the inappropriateness of this whole conception to profits, and the results which are produced if profits are treated as if they were income in the sense in which the salaried man thinks of income. The well-known effects which progression has as a deterrent to risk-taking, which Messrs. Blum and Kalven show very

clearly, are part of this story. In fact, from a social point of view, at least the larger part of profits should not be regarded as income at all in the sense in which the average man thinks of income, but rather as part of a constant process of redistribution of capital from the unsuccessful to the successful. And the high taxation of profits, which constitute the largest share of the income in the highest tax brackets, amounts in fact to a tax on the turnover of capital.

How to Perpetuate Inequality

Probably the most serious implication of this bureaucratic approach, which thinks in terms of "appropriate incomes," is that in effect it denies that the accumulation of capital is a legitimate aim of an individual's efforts, and in practice makes it impossible. The whole justification of the system of private property, however, rests on the assumption that it is possible for the successful person to build up a fortune. It is indeed one of the paradoxes of modern policy that a supposedly egalitarian measure like progressive taxation has already gone far to destroy the one feature which in the past has mitigated the inequality of fortunes: the chances of the poor to rise to be wealthy. By reducing vertical mobility modern taxation in fact perpetuates the inequality of individuals and creates a new rigidity of class distinctions.

The character of progressive taxation, as a method by which the majority arbitrarily fixes what it regards as an appropriate scale of remuneration for a successful minority, also produces the inevitable result that what is regarded as an appropriate remuneration for a given service depends on the average wealth of the community. This leads to the curious result that the same income is quite regularly much more heavily taxed in poor communities than in rich ones.

The extent to which this is true is best shown by a few figures. Today the average rate of income tax reaches 25 per cent for a family with three children in the United States at approximately \$36,000, in Canada at about \$21,000, in France at \$8,800, in Ireland at \$8,100, in the United Kingdom at \$4,300, and in Austria at \$1,840! This can in no way be explained by the greater need in poor countries to use progression to raise revenue, since the financial results due to the higher part of the progressive scales are everywhere comparatively small. It is almost entirely due to the fact that to the majority in a poor country incomes already appear as "excessive" which in a rich country are still regarded as reasonable; and the result is that poor countries which have the greatest need for rich men are usually the least attractive to them. One wonders when a poor country will first discover that by merely abolishing progressive taxation it could today attract

large amounts of capital. But perhaps governmental promises are no longer sufficiently trusted to have any such effect.

There are still many aspects of progressive taxation about which much more statistical information, both about this country and comparatively, ought to be available than in fact exists or is generally known, if we are to form a just picture of its tendencies and effects. But even on the basis of what we have, one thing seems clear; not the least danger of progressive taxation is the illusion it creates about the extent to which the burden of rising government expenditure can be shifted to the shoulders of the rich. It is not at all unlikely that because of this illusion the majority today pay higher taxes than they would otherwise have been willing to devote to government purposes.

These are only a few of the reflections to which this excellent book gives rise. The authors certainly have made it clear that progressive taxation is a subject which badly needs to be re-examined. Their survey ought to be the beginning of a new discussion.

There are of course many issues on which neither they nor this article could touch. But there is one more point on which a few words must be added. There is a widespread impression that the need to exempt the lowest incomes from taxation makes progression inevitable. Now this may be true for the progressive features of some particular tax, such as the income tax. But it is by no means obvious with respect to the progressive character of the tax system as a whole. It is on this aspect that our authors rightly concentrate and to which our strictures on the principle alone apply. So far as the tax system as a whole is concerned, the argument about the necessity of exempting the poorest is, however, just humbug: no government has ever refrained from taxing them indirectly or probably ever could raise enough revenue without doing so.

Moreover, it should be remembered, the tax-exempt minimum today is never an absolute minimum of existence but a cultural minimum, *i.e.*, a minimum determined by the general standards of the society, and there is no reason why this cultural minimum should not also be reduced when increased government needs lead to a reduction of income standards all round. It is not the need to exempt the poorest from taxation which forces us into progression; but it may well be that some progression of the income tax in particular may be the most convenient way of offsetting the heavier indirect taxation of the poor and making the tax burden as a whole as nearly as possible proportional. This is probably a valid argument for some progression in income tax rates, but never an argument for making the tax system as a whole progressive.

But if this is the only valid argument for making

the income tax progressive, it seems at the same time also to suggest a definite limit how far progression may be legitimately carried. Even if we assume that some parts of the larger incomes bear no taxes other than income tax, there could still be no case for taxing them at a rate higher than the proportion of all the income of the community which is taken for government purposes. If the share of the national income which is claimed for the government is, say, 25 per cent, let the highest rate at which increments of income are taxed also be 25 per cent. This will assure that the highest incomes will contribute at least their proportional share to the common expenditure, and probably a little more. But it will make it

necessary that on the whole everybody contributes his proportional share, and it will make it impossible for the tax system as a whole to become significantly progressive.

That some limit to the scale of progression is required, if we are not to drift gradually into the practice of confiscation, is widely understood. Whether a fixed constitutional limit to the rate of taxation, expressed as such-and-such per cent, is practical may well be doubted. But that nobody should be taxed on his income at a marginal rate in excess of the share which the government takes, in one way or another, of all incomes as a whole, is a rule which may prove both generally intelligible and more practicable than any other.

France's Worker-Priests

By LOUIS ROUGIER

The French Church is suffering from a crisis of self-analysis. This results from an experiment which is laudable in itself but which often deviates from its aim: the experiment of the worker-priest.

The experiment grew out of a book and the mind of a great Cardinal. The book is entitled *France, Pays de Mission* and was written by the Abbé Godin. Its point of departure is the following. Workers as a whole have completely broken with Christianity. Among them the gospel of Karl Marx has replaced the gospel of Christ. The coming of the Kingdom of God is no longer expected by means of the Communion of Saints, but by means of the class struggle, which will establish the Dictatorship of the Proletariat as a step toward the realization of classless society.

The Abbé Godin teaches a new kind of apostleship. He advises the young priest to put away his cassock, his sacristy, his church, part of his theological training, his community life in order to go into the world of workers and live their proletarian life with them. If he wishes to speak to the workers, to set them a good example, to attract them by acts of charity, to convince them by faith, he must first be a worker himself.

Cardinal Shuard, Archbishop of Paris, was impressed by this idea. He organized on July 1, 1943, the *Mission de Paris*, which today includes about twenty-five members, all of the secular clergy.

Following the Parisian example, the *Mission de France* was organized. This was first established at Lisieux, then moved to the Great Seminary of Limoges. In addition to the secular clergy, Jesuits, Capucins, Dominicans, and Franciscans are admitted to the *Mission*. They are sent to the country as well as to the cities. Some of them combine

their parochial apostleship with work in the factory.

They apply for jobs in factories without revealing their status as priests. Wearing the same kind of clothes as their co-workers, a sweater and a pair of overalls, they work exactly as other workers do, sometimes live in the same houses, eat at the same canteens, are subjected to the same weariness, to the same hardships. Poorly conditioned for such a life, some have died on the job. Abbé Favreau, for instance, was crushed to death as he labored on the docks of Bordeaux.

These new apostles follow the example of Simone Weil, an intellectual with a doctorate in philosophy, when she voluntarily became a worker in a factory and on a farm in order to understand "proletarian life" better. It is an impressive ideal. But in practice the problem becomes complicated and the results dramatic. The worker-priest has, generally speaking, only a small amount of training in economics. He is struck by the low standard of living of his fellow-workmen. The priest does not know that the low level of wages in France is due largely to the leftist parties, who have paralyzed industrial progress, lowered the value of money, introduced high prices, and promoted Malthusianism in order to introduce social reforms.

Living and working with laboring men, the priest quickly comes to think very much as they do. He shares their feelings of resentment and their frequent lack of understanding. Being more learned than the others, he is chosen by his comrades to be the secretary of the workers' committee. In this position he becomes the delegate of the entire factory to the workers' union, which may be the F.O. (Force Ouvrière), the C.F.T.C. (Confédération Française des Travailleurs Chrétiens), or, more

often, the Communist-dominated C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail). Little by little, he is entangled in political and social problems. He becomes more and more occupied with temporal business, partly to the detriment of his spiritual aims. Then, the *prêtre stalinien* appears, such as the Abbé Barraut, who is one of the leaders of the great Communist Center of Labor Unions. He participates in political strikes, when he does not organize them himself. Some of the priests even blame the Christian Trade Unions for being too prudent, too cautious, too "bourgeois-minded" as compared with the C.G.T.

The general strike of August 1953 was started by postal workers for professional reasons which had nothing to do with working conditions, but only with public service. The Laniel government had issued a decree in order to raise the age of retirement for certain state employees. The strike was directed against neither the "bosses" nor the "bourgeoisie," but against the state and its political bodies elected by universal suffrage. Fundamentally, it was nothing but a political strike. The Christian Workers Union (C.F.T.C.) declared that the strike should be brought to an end. But the worker-priests as a whole joined in publishing a very aggressive and violent pamphlet against the C.F.T.C., the bosses, and the government, calling for "unity of the workers" as conceived by the C.G.T. This pamphlet denounced any kind of cooperation between workers and their employers, in the name of "social justice" and "Christian morality." But in this case there was only one boss, the state!

The Abbé Starts a Strike

The same thing has happened in other parts of France. Let us take the case of a pilot-factory like Durrsschmitt in Lyons as an example. A priest, the Abbé Desgrand, was employed without revealing his identity. After a while he became the secretary of the workers' committee and the factory's delegate to the C.G.T. A short time thereafter the manager introduced a system of rationalizing production, resulting in a wage increase of between 30 and 50 per cent for the workers. The Abbé Desgrand was afraid the workers would lose their fighting spirit under such a system. He instigated a twenty-four day strike. The net result was a loss of important customers for the corporation and about 18,000,000 francs in wages for the workmen.

The Abbé Desgrand was subsequently fired. The local branch of the C.F.T.C. published a pamphlet on his case and approved of the Durrsschmitt's staff decision. Immediately the priests of the Rhône and Loire regions wrote a bitter pamphlet in answer to that of the C.F.T.C. "Never since 1945," they wrote, "has the working class watched with so much attention the repeated assaults of a desperate

capitalism. The C.F.T.C.'s attitude is virtually serving the interests of capitalism. A Christian or a priest surely has a right to recognize that only the whole working-class united can preserve liberties that have been acquired by so many struggles and so much bloodshed. Desgrand's case is in no sense 'deviationism' but it is merely another example of the efforts of the French bosses to divide the workers as a class."

Some bishops finally became alarmed by these strange attitudes. His Eminence, Cardinal Saliège of Toulouse, summarizing the ten years' activity of the worker-priests, criticized the effective alliance between them and the Communists. "Every day it seems more and more a fact that some people are preparing a haven for Communism in the very heart of Catholicism, but Marxism has not yet been converted." Cardinal Saliège condemns those pseudo-theologians who, citing the example of St. Paul in opposing himself to St. Peter, contend that there are two churches, one hierarchical and another subject only to the free will. This is a kind of neo-Protestantism.

On October 16, 1953, the official Catholic magazine of the Diocese of Chartres published the complete text of a letter written by His Eminence, Bishop Pizzardo, Cardinal-Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries, absolutely forbidding the Seminarists to work in factories. The opening of the Grand Seminary of Limoges, where 150 seminarists had enlisted in order to become worker-priests, was put off *sine die*. Finally, the apostolical Nuncio, His Excellency Monsignor Morella, was ordered by the Holy See to ask the French bishops to dismiss the priests as workers and to send them to normal ministerial work.

The General Assembly of Cardinals and Bishops of France, in its last meeting in October 1953, gave precise orders to the Catholic Action leaders among the workmen (A.C.O.). They were to avoid in their activity the kind of unity which would sound totalitarian. They were told that the Church does not have to espouse any special system of economics or politics. In short, they were told that they were working for spiritual not material aims.

The assembly thought, however, that *Mission de France* had awakened too many hopes to be suppressed immediately. At the beginning of November Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris; Cardinal Lienart, Bishop of Lille, and Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, went to Rome to explain to the Pope the point of view of the French Episcopate.

The Holy See and the French Episcopate seem to have come to a compromise. Apostleship among the workers is to be continued, but the priest acting as a workman is asked to break with any union responsibility, and thus to avoid any political action. On the other hand, he is to be linked with a religious community or a parish, and must face the full responsibility of his priesthood.

Carpet Bargaining in Morocco

By PETER SCHMID

The recent removal of the Sultan was not the act of a repressive colonial power but a move to assure the evolutionary development of this French protectorate.

"You'll have to be brief," said the French captain who introduced me to His Majesty, El-Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh. "You can't imagine how many journalists from all over the world have come every day to see the old gentleman. And all of them ask the same question—though the answer to it has been given and printed a hundred times."

We were standing in the central court of the Pasha's palace. Outside, behind the high walls, milled the massive crowd of strange and wild-looking tribesmen who pour down from the slopes of the nearby Atlas mountains to visit Marrakesh's fantastic market place, the *Djemma el Fna*. In this vast inferno all kinds of mysterious cure-peddlers, dancers, acrobats, balladiers, and animal trainers fight to be heard and seen. It is one of the most picturesque sights in the world. And its sounds reach even into the corners of the Pasha's court.

I had to disappoint my interpreter, the French captain. What else could I ask the Pasha but why he had become a foe of—and finally a victor over—his great adversary, the Sultan of Morocco? For years these two men had opposed each other. For years the Sultan, the cold, supreme ruler in the capital of Rabat, with his mischievous eyes and his eagle-like profile, had fought against El Glaoui, the old tribal chief now sitting in front of me, his wrinkled face adorned with large, dreamy, and almost melancholy eyes.

The Sultan, a fanatical nationalist, although theoretically bound to his French protectors by a treaty of friendship, had actually sponsored the "liberation" movement of the Istiqlal Party which wanted to drive all foreigners out of Morocco. That's why, as far back as 1951, the Pasha had challenged the Sultan to an open fight.

The Pasha's answer to my question now bubbled in Arabic from his wrinkled throat. "The majority of the Moroccan people love the French, because they have brought order and well-being into this country." The old man raised his hands in an entreating gesture. He looked like a savant or a saint. The Sultan, he told me, had gravely neglected his duties as successor of the prophet. As Allah's representative in Morocco he was supposed to uphold strictly the laws of religion. Instead, he had joined the nationalists who associated themselves with the Godless Communists. And, horror of horrors, the Sultan's daughter had even discarded her veil and had her picture taken in a

modern bathing suit. That's why the earnest and pious among the tribal chieftains had decided to remove the Sultan from his throne.

Well, I knew what had happened. These pious Moslems had driven out their modern-minded ruler, the Sultan, with the help of the French, the very Christian power that had brought modernism to Morocco. What a strange contradiction. Wasn't there something fishy about this? I looked around and noticed the same contradiction everywhere. The Pasha's Moorish tables were covered with business papers. Under his *djellabah*, the white native cloak of raw wool, I discovered a European shirt and a shiny silk tie. Alas, this guardian of holy tradition was neither the pious saint from the Atlas Mountains nor the venerable chieftain he pretended to be. Everybody in Morocco knows that he likes to discard his native garb now and then and spend several months at swank seaside resorts on the French Riviera. His son, the heir presumptive, has taken on the habits of a miniature Ali Khan, being an experienced friend of female stars of the French movie industry. And the old Pasha himself is one of the greatest businessmen in Morocco. He holds a large amount of stock in Morocco's manganese and cobalt mines and owns huge estates with the most modern equipment. His assistants scan American magazines to find new gadgets which might be introduced to Morocco. When I left I did not hide my doubts as to the sincerity of his traditionalist attitude.

Politics as Merchandise

The captain smiled. "Think of one thing," he said, "you are in the land of the carpet-dealers. I think you know these fellows down in the bazaars. They praise their merchandise, they swear, they entreat, they flatter, they threaten you, they go away in disgust, and they come running after you again, they pretend to be friendly or offended. Finally, having brought down the price to a quarter of what they asked before, they convince you that you are getting a terrific bargain. Yet you still pay double what the object is really worth. That's exactly the way politics are conducted in this country. Do not believe anything anyone tells you here. Everything anybody says is just a trick to sell you his carpet. That is his idea—be it independence, or religion, progress, or a combination of all of

these. It applies to our friends as well as to our enemies. And this is what makes our task in Morocco so difficult. How can you cooperate with people so utterly deprived of a sense of reality? How can you trust them, if you do not know which of them you can really believe?"

It took me several weeks of intense traveling to discover how true the French captain's words had been. Morocco is a bewildering, crazy country, full of passionate distortions on all sides. I have spent hours talking with nationalist leaders—whose addresses, by the way, the French information service was eager to supply to me—checking their complaints about the horrible persecution and inhuman suppression they supposedly must endure. Verifying the facts later, I found that 90 per cent of their stories were highly inaccurate. Not many correspondents, unfortunately, have enough time to check every conversation. Thus the French rule in Morocco, one of the noblest achievements of European colonization, has become such a controversial subject in world opinion.

The Plain and the Mountains

When the French invaded Morocco in 1912, with the somewhat euphemistic intention of "pacifying" this North African territory, they divided the country into two zones—a "useful" and a "useless" one. *Le Maroc utile* they called the wide, fertile plain that stretches from the Atlas Mountains to the Atlantic. This region had been turned into a wasteland under the agonizing rule of the Sultan and the constant plundering of marauding tribes. But today, with the help of plow and tractor, this plain has been transformed into a virtual Garden of Eden, covered with sweeping cornfields and vineyards. And a bustling industry has sprung up on the fringes of the larger cities.

The Atlas mountains and the world between its peaks and the sandy desert of the Sahara was not only "useless" for the French colonists, it was also dangerous, inhabited by warring Berber tribes who resented and defied any kind of authority. To protect the "useful" Morocco from their raids, the French had to move into this no man's land. For more than twenty years they waged a romantic but also exasperating war, constantly faced by an invisible, mysterious enemy who struck suddenly and then vanished without leaving a trace. The French pushed forward cautiously, securing strategic positions with high-walled forts, and slowly they drove the Berber tribes from the inhabitable parts into the arid desert and the barren mountains. The Berber's medieval methods of warfare were no match for the modern weapons and means of communication of the invaders, and finally they had to give in.

I asked an old French colonial officer about this war and his eyes lit up. The Berbers are a magnificent people, he said, and the French respect them

for their exquisite, ancient beauty. White, and with faces that resemble the clear-cut features of European mountain farmers, they have really nothing in common with the Arabs who inhabit the cities on the plain. How did these people ever get to Africa? Where do they come from? Are they the remnants of the Iberic people who were pushed out of Spain? Or are they the last survivors of the long lost Vandals who were swept to Africa by the migration of nations? Nobody has ever been able to answer these questions.

Democratic traditions have been alive among these people since ancient times. The tribal land was traditionally administered by a council, the so-called *djemma*, and every spring the council distributed the land among the members of the tribe. In some places this tradition has survived to the present day. In other areas, however, it was replaced by the feudalism of the Caids, the powerful leaders of some tribes who forced the free peasants into servitude. It was the French invader Marshal Lyautey and his troops who forced the Berber tribes to submit to the Sultan's administration and to adopt Arabic as the official language. Today the French realize that this was a mistake. For thus modern Arab nationalism could develop where it had no legitimate place. Today it is rather difficult in some places to distinguish between these formerly so distinctive racial groups. To find the true, unspoiled Berber world, the visitor must venture into the once secluded area in and behind the Atlas Mountains.

A Medieval World

Even for a tourist it is not difficult today to travel there. The roads are excellent and the growing fame of this romantic region is attracting more and more visitors. For here the Middle Ages live on. There are no villages, no towns, only *Ksars*, earthen fortresses with mighty, impenetrable walls. Countless turrets raise their crooked, strangely ornamented walls toward the battlements from which even now an attacking foe could be blasted with a hail of bullets.

When you enter one of these *Ksars*, which look as though they had been built by giant termites, you have to weave your way through winding alleys that lose themselves in darkened corridors. Your eyes, blinded from the strong mountain light, hardly distinguish the doors which open into dark courtyards. But then you climb the steep stairs and step out upon an airy terrace atop one of the many turrets. Before your eyes spreads the valley, crossed by a river. Innumerable small ditches distribute the river water through the valley floor and turn it into green fields. Yet hardly a stone's throw away, wherever the water fails to reach, stretches the sandy desert.

This is medieval, romantic, and yet only yesterday it was bloody reality. Across the valley, only

about a mile away, stands another *Ksar*. Before the French enforced peace in this region both *Ksars* were engaged in a bitter feud. They raided each other's crops, they plundered each other's homes. And sometimes both of them were attacked by marauding hordes who emerged from the desert and kidnapped women and children. Outside of the protecting walls nobody was safe. Everyone was fighting everyone else. Thus these tribes were able to resist the French invaders for many years: they had been trained to fight all their lives, and human life was not very precious in a place where it was threatened every minute.

Problems of Modernization

Today the mighty walls of the *Ksars* are an anachronism. There is no reason why the people should continue to live in these dark, dusty holes. A few wealthy sheiks have already begun to abandon these prisons and to build themselves pretty country homes amid their date plantations. The enemy is gone, but the entire region is still under military government and French fortifications command most of the strategic spots. But even these forts are practically deserted except for small groups of hired indigenous *goums*. And the few remaining French officers no longer brandish swords but walk round with rubber stamps and fountain pens in their hands. Most of them are regular army officers who have served in Indo-China and finally traded blood and thunder for a secure administrative post. They live in lonesome mountain outposts where they may encounter tribes who have never even seen a European. Or they dwell at the edge of the Sahara Desert where fierce sandstorms cloud the sky during nine months of the year. Their duty is not easy and it certainly is not very stimulating. These officers lead an almost monkish existence, and I have actually found a spirit of mystic contemplation among many of them. In their solitude philanthropy has become a personal passion for them.

The influx of civilization into this medieval world has created many problems. Since the French ended the fratricidal bloodshed between the various tribes, the population is increasing at an alarmingly rapid rate. The barren soil cannot support all of them and so they drift down into the cities. They make up ugly slums on the fringes of Rabat and Casablanca. These slums are not so much a manifestation of colonial incompetence on the part of the French as the direct result of the longer life expectancy among the natives. The French try with all possible means to fight the creation of the shiftless city proletariat. They make great efforts to increase native agricultural production. Also, since the end of World War Two, they have concentrated on the creation of new schools. Next to many a *Ksar* now rises a simple building bearing the inscription "*école*" in shining letters.

One may justly raise objections against French colonialism in various territories—but not in Morocco. Here the spirit of the first conqueror, Marshal Lyautey, is still alive. Lyautey regarded colonialization as an idealistic undertaking in the old Roman sense, as a kind of sacrifice in the service of civilization. One could talk for hours about the modern agricultural centers which acquaint the natives with the use of plows and tractors. One could talk about dams and irrigation systems that have turned wastelands into blooming gardens. Naturally all these things benefit the European settler who pays for them with his taxes, but the real beneficiaries are the natives who receive all these things from the administration almost as a present. The French administration even protects the natives against their own compatriots, the land-hungry French colonists. A special officer at Rabat sees to it that no real estate may be sold to speculators.

The Sultan Blocked Reforms

The Berbers, indeed, are a tragic people. Their anarchic, tribal consciousness has not allowed them to organize themselves into a nation of their own, and they have been by necessity subjected to foreign rule. For this reason, also, they do not really object to the presence of the French, especially as they have proved to be far more benign rulers than the Arabs ever were. There has been much criticism that the French administration has been siding with the conservative, feudal *Caids* against the progressive and modern-minded Sultan. But things are not as simple as that. The *Istiqlal* independence movement is far from being socially progressive. Its leaders belong to the French-trained merchant class who made a lot of money during the war and, by driving out the foreigners, would probably like to make some more—at the expense of the common people. If the now deposed Sultan had had his way, some kind of Farouk regime would probably have been installed in Morocco, run by a despotic ruler surrounded by a clique of cronies.

The French, though backing the conservative, feudal forces, limit their influence. They control the jurisdiction, they prevent extortions. Simultaneously, they are introducing reforms to modernize the old social structure. For years they have been planning the creation of a sort of modern version of the ancient *djemma* in order to educate the people for self-government. It is a paradox that all these laws and measures aiming at more independence for the Moroccan people have been refused the necessary endorsement by the Sultan. He blocked the safety valve because he wanted the locomotive of Moroccan politics to explode and not to move forward. His removal does not constitute a triumph of the reactionary elements but rather a necessary adjustment which makes it possible for the positive evolutionary forces to have their way.

The two articles which follow discuss different aspects of the same theme—that it is time for Americans to drop their international inferiority complex and take a firm stand in defense of our democratic culture. Bogdan Raditsa describes the anti-Americanism of Europe's intellectuals; Ben Ray Redman defends our culture against the disdain of American intellectuals.

Does Europe Hate America?

By **BOGDAN RADISTA**

This past summer I revisited Europe for the first time since I came to America seven years ago to make my home here. I traveled through France, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, and Turkey, all of which I know well from my days as a student and later diplomat. I talked with hundreds of people from all walks of life—teachers, lawyers, workers, businessmen, artists, farmers. I never thought that hostility to the United States could be so widespread. Of course, I had read the attacks printed in the European press. But I had not believed that the printed words represented the actual feeling of the people in the streets, coffee shops, and homes.

When Europeans ask you questions about America, they are seldom interested in your reply, but immediately proceed to give the answers themselves. I noticed this tendency even before reaching Europe. On the boat were some young French pilots who had been training in Texas and Illinois as part of a NATO project. To them Americans did not know how to live, love, eat, enjoy life, or even how to make things. French industry they found superior to American. One did concede that he would like to stay in the United States long enough to make money, then go back to France to enjoy it.

During my years in the United States I have never felt that I lived in a society with no understanding of intelligent conversation, no appreciation of art. It has never occurred to me that Americans are not sensitive to quality or that they do not appreciate good food or good wines. In American homes I have been received with a warmth rarely found in Europe. I will always recall the wholehearted welcome my family and I received in a little Connecticut town when we first came to this country. The people made us feel a part of the town in a way that would not have been possible in France or Italy.

But I could not defend America to European intellectuals without hearing: "What! You want to convince me that in America there is really a possibility to develop and create freely?"

Around a dinner table in an Italian cultural cen-

ter I heard a distinguished young jurist and university professor proclaim that intellectual life in America is controlled by the mass dissemination of propaganda and advertising. When a friend of mine, an American of recent vintage, asked him if he ever read a certain well-known, highly respected American newspaper, he insisted its news could not be unbiased, that he would never look at such a paper.

The European intelligentsia, of course, never had an accurate view of America. But I was sure that the Italian or Greek peasant—especially one who had a relative in the United States—would have no prejudice toward this country. When I asked such a man privately what he thought about America, he would tell me with a sigh: "If you could only take me back with you in your trunk!" But when he was in a group, he would join the "smear America" chorus.

Imitation, if not Flattery

In spite of all the anti-Americanism one hears, the Europe one sees is Americanizing rapidly. At the popular markets and fairs, which once displayed only the work of individual artisans, today mostly mass-produced goods are for sale. The French, though they constantly grumble about *cocacolarization*, are becoming addicts of American soft drinks. Dressing à l'*Americaine* is a fad, and done in an exaggerated style. The way children and grownups alike go for comic strips and comic books makes one wonder if America isn't taking over Europe's taste in this regard. The growing conquest of the land by enormous billboards advertising local goods, the fanatical adoration of all sorts of gadgets, and the fact that young couples prefer to go without the traditional servant in order to buy a car—all these are voluntary reflections of the America that Europeans seem to despise.

It is in the people's attitude toward Communism that one finds the greatest paradox in the free countries of Europe. The popularity of Communism is linked with the unpopularity of America—this is the Communists' most dangerous success. In

Paris and Rome crowds get hysterical over the Rosenberg case, while nobody pays any attention to thousands of peasants uprooted from their homes, to the execution of such democratic leaders as Petkov behind the Iron Curtain.

Unseen Russians; Ubiquitous Americans

Why are European intellectuals so articulate about the dangers America is involving them in (when she tries to keep them strong and free) but never mention the Soviet threat to their freedom? Why does this general attitude of anti-Americanism pervade also the minds of the white collar, middle, and working classes, even the peasants? An important reason is the complete invisibility of Russia and the Soviets in western Europe. In France, Italy, Greece and the other countries the cause of the Soviet Union is advocated by French, Italian, Greek Communists, pro-Communists, left-wing liberals, and fellow-travelers. The people have no direct experience with Soviet representatives in positions of power and influence. On the other hand, thousands of Americans are in their midst carrying out official missions that stem from Washington. The cause of the Americans is defended almost solely by public officials in the countries affected, who have a special interest in being friendly with Americans, or by the Americans themselves in their various official and semi-official capacities. The very fact that Americans are thought to be supporting the ruling class makes America unpopular.

The hordes of American bureaucrats and foundation fellows who go around western Europe taking notes and eternally asking everyone how the Americans could make the Europeans happy and how Communism might best be fought make the European intellectual angry and impatient. He has a difficult time making ends meet, and he has been asked these questions for years without any practical result.

Another thing that baffles Europeans is the sudden, unexpected changes in American foreign policy. Many Europeans believe that there is in Washington a monolithic Politburo which gives orders to everybody; therefore, whatever an American says or does is taken as the result of a premeditated and well-drawn policy.

Mostly neutralist, the European intelligentsia does not want to follow the American pattern of resolute resistance to Soviet expansionism. "If America thinks that Communism is a threat to us, let her worry about it and pay for European defenses," I heard it said. "Communism is an historical process. Why should we oppose it to defend what is rotten and decadent among us? And why should we believe that Communism is as bad as the Americans say? American materialism is as great a threat to our humanistic values."

Europe is more than convinced that America has

only one weapon against Communism—atomic war. And all Europeans from Le Havre to Athens agree on one point—they do not want war. The belief that Malenkov is following a more conciliatory policy than Stalin also helps to make Russia attractive.

"Look," I have been told, "the fact that Beria has been arrested means an improvement, a limitation of the power of the police in Russia. But the Americans are relying on the police more and more, and the only hope they hold out to us is the inevitability of war."

Even to hint at the possibility of a liberation of eastern Europe will cause western Europeans to burst into rage. That would mean war, they say. And then, who knows what really goes on over there? The facts of what has happened to hundreds of thousands of people behind the Iron Curtain are conveniently overlooked.

The intelligentsia believe that when the Communists mobilize them and give them economic security they can think, produce, write, paint, and invent without worrying how they will pay their bills. The middle class, convinced it can become the backbone of a new Socialist society in the making, wants to be in the vanguard of the left-wing trend.

The European leftist—of any shade from the liberal to the Communist—blames America for trying to impose "reactionary" governments. The European rightist blames America for having "undermined" his class.

If Americans are seen with members of the former wealthy ruling class in Rome, the man in the street draws the conclusion that the policy of the United States is against him. An Italian moderate writer told me: "What can one expect of the Americans when they spend their time in the company of counts and nobles who themselves believe their time is up, and that the only thing left to them is to have a good time before the Communists take over?" On the other hand, if Americans are seen in the company of leftists—which happened immediately after the liberation—people on the right immediately conclude that the United States wants to promote a left-wing revolution.

Particularly lacking in Europe today is a sound conservatism, which has been destroyed by two wars and many revolutions as well as by a parasitic form of capitalism. The European capitalist is even more anti-American than the worker, as he believes that the American capitalist has capitulated to the working class. He does not understand that in America capitalism is productive, creative, and dynamic. If the Italian, Greek, or French capitalist would learn from his American counterpart, he would have a better chance of survival. It is among the industrialists, the ship-owners, and the bankers in Europe that there is particular need to present the truth about America.

Where the national leadership is sound and constructive, as in Turkey and Germany, American aid

has produced the best results. France and Italy, and Greece to some extent, have not taken the fullest advantage of U. S. help and know-how.

What should America do? I believe we should leave Europeans alone to think through the meaning of their own deep crisis. They must know that the conclusions they reach and the answers they find are entirely their own. Above all, Americans should no longer take an attitude of inferiority while speaking to their European counterparts. We ourselves must believe that the case for the United States is strong and clear.

Our Culture Complex

By BEN RAY REDMAN

It has long been customary in our more enlightened circles to view popular American culture with varying degrees of disdain and disgust. Book publishers have been condemned for publishing trash, magazine editors damned for serving up mountains of rubbish, newspapers scolded for selling sensationalism, movie-makers censured for dealing in day-dreams instead of reality; radio has been scorned for blasting our ears with imbecilities, and television is being wept over because it is following in the foolish steps of its elder sister.

These products or elements of our popular culture have been denounced with maximum pleasure by Communist propagandists, with growing pleasure by anti-Americans all over the world, and with sometimes ill-disguised pleasure by those of our native intellectuals who, like Shelley, happily manage to combine within a single skull extremely democratic political ideas and extremely undemocratic artistic ideals. This popular culture complex has been branded generally as the inevitable concomitant of an adolescent, materialistic society that worships money above all other gods, mistrusts the man of ideas while honoring the man of action, and regards the serious artist, in whatever medium, as at best a harmless eccentric and at worst a useless fraud.

That worthless books and magazines and sensational newspapers litter the land, that radio and television devote hour after hour to silly programs, are facts. But I believe that when we are disappointed or disgusted by these facts we are victims of the excessive, delusive, self-defeating idealism which seems to plague the American character in many spheres of activity. And I believe further that when we accept unquestioningly the Communist and anti-American estimate of ourselves—accept it sometimes with a delight in self-abasement that recalls scenes in Russian fiction—we are guilty of shortsightedness and provincial sentimentality. If we cannot defend our popular culture on the basis of its absolute values, we should at

least be able to see it clearly in a comparative frame of reference; and see it clearly for what it is, without surprise.

Our provincialism is older than our nation. In colonial days it was a part of colonialism. Later, when New England was beginning to express itself culturally, it was natural that writers and artists should look back across the Atlantic for models. Still later this provincialism became less excusable and more comical. Perhaps the thousands of American women who crowded to the support of third-rate British lecturers, before and after the First World War, are more to be pitied than censured; but they are also funny. Nor were ladies of the type drawn by Helen Hokinson alone in their foolishness. What shall we think of the reasoning of the expatriates of the "lost generation," as expressed by a reputable spokesman of the group, Malcolm Cowley, in *Exile's Return*? Mr. Cowley writes:

All during the 1920s many, and perhaps most, of the serious American writers felt like strangers in their own land . . . The country in those days was being managed by persons for whom they felt a professional hostility. It was the age when directors' meetings were more important than cabinet meetings and when the national destiny was being decided by middle-aged bankers and corporation executives . . . These rulers of America, as they were called in magazine articles, showed little interest in books or ideas . . .

So what did Mr. Cowley and his fellows do? They set sail for France, where politics and press were more corrupt than those they left behind. They settled down delightedly in a land ruled by the *Comité des Forges*, the *Confédération Générale de la Production Française*, the Bank of France, *Le Temps*, and the "200 families." Most of them saw little of France whole and real. They did not sit in the Chamber of Deputies, they did not work in the offices or the shops, they did not perch on straight gilt chairs with remnants of a stuffy, dull Parisian society, or exchange correct banalities with the prosperous citizens of Nantes and Lille and Lyons and Bordeaux, or explore the vast areas of middle-class and lower-middle-class French life that would be appallingly empty were they not so conspicuously filled with money-grubbing activities.

And because the expatriates did not see France real and whole, because they did not recognize the fact that they were far more "strangers" in the land of their chosen exile than in their own land, they could think of France and the French as a country and a people that valued artists and writers at their true worth. They were intoxicated by the heady atmosphere of Montparnasse, they mistook the Left Bank for France, and they exaggerated the significance of their discovery that French intellectuals were sometimes given government jobs. They were in France, but they were no more of it than were the foreign students who thronged to the University of Paris in the thirteenth century.

This bit of ancient history is important because

the provincialism it reveals is still with us, and makes too many of us all too ready to agree humbly with the Communist and anti-American charge that we are peculiarly contemptible among the nations of the earth. Recently, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, writing in the *Saturday Review*, even while rightly claiming for Americans a European cultural heritage, remarked that the average American businessman finds himself at a disadvantage when his British and French opposite numbers begin to discuss things artistic, and said that the American G.I. suffers the same disadvantage in the company of British warriors who trace their ancestry back to Hengist and Horsa. I should like to meet Mr. Mowrer's average businessmen in Birmingham and Leeds, Rouen and Roubaix, who would make their American counterparts blush for lack of culture; even more, I should like to chat with those British enlisted men who casually refer to their forefathers, Hengist and Horsa.

Not Invented in America

When our hordes of pocket books are scorned as fit reading for children and barbarians, we should remember that the most worthless of them are direct descendants of the cheap reprints that were already crowding British railway stands a generation ago, with Edgar Wallace and Garvice and their peers leading the pack; and we should note that the ranks of the pocket books are being more and more infiltrated by writing of quality. If we are asked to blush for our sensational journalism, we should not blush without remembering the British press' reporting of certain divorce cases, or the fact that the sensational tabloid is not an American invention, but a British export. When we compare Hollywood's average product with the foreign pictures that we see, we must realize that we see only the best foreign pictures. As for Hollywood's traffic in daydreams rather than reality, it should be pointed out that literature has been engaged in the same traffic for centuries, with such diverse authors as Malory, Ariosto, and the hacks of the Minerva Press among the hucksters. It should also be pointed out that our moronic motion picture fans, screaming in their pursuit of celebrities, had their forerunners in the London theater's swooning gallery girls, and their eager imitators in the Italians who not so long ago mobbed the Roman wedding of two Hollywood stars.

And what are we to say of our radio and television? One thing we can say is that in the United States the air-waves are free to all who can pay for them, and persuade people to listen and look, whereas in England (the only country with radio and television facilities at all comparable to ours) the programs are strictly rationed from above for the benefit of those below, who sit on the receiving end with their right of choice narrowly limited.

Our popular culture as a whole is a unique de-

velopment in the history of the world. To what can we compare this massive creation-satisfaction of mass-man's taste, this truly democratic phenomenon? Ours is the only nation in which the masses have achieved a position that enables them to play patron to the arts, bring them down to their own level, and pay the piper for the tunes they wish to hear. And who but an excessively idealistic American, who but a self-defeating idealist, would be surprised and disappointed to discover that a mass culture is not a "quality" culture? Who but an incorrigible Utopian could hope that American popular culture would abolish or rise above the traditional antithesis of quantity and quality?

This culture is the product of democracy in action; it is the result of diffused prosperity, universal education-of-a-kind, social leveling, and increased leisure in all walks of life. It is a culture in which even the children have their say, picking and trading comic books, applauding or boycotting TV programs, with all the authority of connoisseurs. Nothing could be more ironical than that this truly democratic culture should be most severely castigated by critics who proclaim their own devotion to democracy, and their faith in the blessings that mankind must enjoy when democracy is carried to its logical conclusion.

The late, brilliant Albert Jay Nock was afraid that the spread of mere literacy in our nation would bring into operation a variant of Gresham's Law—that bad writing would drive out good. I do not think his fears were justified. What is happening is not that good writing is being driven out by bad, but that the bulk of the bad and mediocre is dwarfing the bulk of the good. The same trend is observable in the other arts; and what could be more natural in a democratic society? Who would expect, or wish, to be otherwise? Indeed, if excellence ceased to be rare and suddenly became common, those of us who pride ourselves on our superior taste would have to set up new standards of excellence.

Meanwhile, on levels unreached by our popular culture, serious writers, painters, actors, sculptors, singers, dancers, and musicians are being rewarded at least as well as in any other country; there is a living interest in living literature among our professors of literature that can hardly be matched elsewhere in academic circles; good music crowds the air-waves, good symphony orchestras play in cities from coast to coast, good plays manage to attract audiences large enough to enable them to survive the exorbitant demands of featherbedding unions, good pictures are made at least occasionally, good books can be bought more cheaply than ever before—and even *avant-garde* poets and painters receive as much attention and respect as is consonant with their chosen function in life.

Thus, it seems to me, we might as well accept the "evils" of popular culture and enjoy the things we like best, be they high-, middle-, or no-brow.

Redcoat Herring

(American History Rewritten after the Too Concentrated Perusal of Recent Headlines)

By M. K. ARGUS

Rumors that Benedict Arnold was a traitor began to circulate early in 1779, when he was military governor of Philadelphia. Three self-confessed former couriers for a Loyalist spy ring reported that Arnold had been carrying on treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander. However, the rumors were quickly quashed. George Washington, when informed of the danger of treason among his command, brushed the warning aside with the curt remark that it was nothing but a "Redcoat herring."

The Philadelphia Society of Friends adopted a resolution voicing full confidence in the Governor and condemning all those who tried to spread "hysteria, fear, and suspicion" in the country. A group of Boston clerics issued a statement declaring that all Loyalists ought to be regarded as members of a secular religious movement and, therefore, converted to the cause of American independence by peaceful and democratic means. The clerics said that educating the Loyalists was the most effective weapon against them.

The *Redcoat Worker* printed a series of articles in praise of Benedict Arnold. It called him an outstanding American patriot and lashed out against "the cowardly and vicious campaign being waged by the enemies of peace and progress."

Those who went so far as to point out that Arnold was the son-in-law of a man with strong Loyalist leanings were branded as character assassins by the Pennsylvania Lawyers Guild. Peggy Shippen, Arnold's wife, protested vehemently against all attempts to smear the reputations of her husband and her father.

Thomas Jefferson declared that although he disagreed with Arnold's political views he strongly deplored the tendency to establish guilt by association. Arnold's friendship with the British secret agent, Major John André, Jefferson said, did not warrant any accusations against him.

Sir Henry Clinton declared he knew of no American traitors in His Majesty's service. This was immediately seized upon by the Colonial Council of American-British Friendship as incontrovertible proof of Arnold's innocence, integrity, and devotion to the cause of the American patriots.

Alexander Hamilton suggested that all candidates for public office sign a non-Loyalist oath. Thereupon Thomas Paine published a pamphlet denouncing witchhunters and merchants of hate, and warning against the imminent suppression of all civil liberties in the country.

Congress finally decided to investigate Benedict Arnold's accounts, having already discovered that

an investigation of someone's accounts was as good a demonstration of congressional zeal as any. Forthwith 120 members of the faculty of King's College in New York signed a statement in which they criticized all investigations as harmful to academic freedom and the welfare of the colonies at large.

General Washington, in the meantime, had appointed Arnold commander of West Point, and it was shortly thereafter, in September 1780, that Arnold's last act of treason fell through. He had invited Major André to West Point in order to hand over to him the plans of the fortress. André received the plans, but was apprehended, while Arnold escaped to the British. At his trial André invoked the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and refused to answer all questions that might tend to incriminate him. The Court told him that neither the Constitution nor its Fifth Amendment had been adopted yet, and sentenced him to hang.

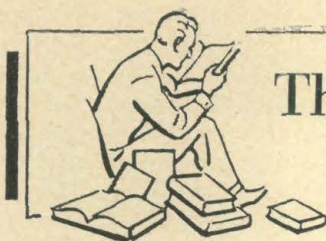
Herring Comes Home to Roost

It was three years later, after Washington had retired to Mount Vernon, that the Benedict Arnold case came up again. Someone accused Washington of having knowingly promoted the traitor to a post of considerable responsibility. But no one of any consequence, it turned out, had ever heard of Arnold, or knew who he was. Washington said he remembered that someone by the name of either Benedict, or Arnold, had held some commission in his army. However, the General said, upon discovering that this Benedict, or Arnold, or whatever his name was, was a traitor, he had promptly fired him. When it was pointed out to Washington that Arnold had not been fired but promoted to the post of commander of West Point, the General suggested that his questioners get in touch with General Henry ("Deep Freeze Harry") Lee. Lee, who had made an unsuccessful attempt to snatch Arnold from the British headquarters after the traitor's escape, at first said, "No comment," then conceded that he remembered Arnold vaguely, and finally declared that Arnold had been promoted so that the authorities could keep an eye on him and find out who his accomplices were.

Lee was then asked if he had ever found out who Arnold's accomplices were. "Yes," he answered. "The British."

Thomas Jefferson, when asked about Arnold, replied that he would have to consult his diary to refresh his memory. Only the *Redcoat Worker* remembered who Arnold was. It started a collection for the Benedict Arnold Defense Fund to counteract the campaign against a man who, being absent, was unable to defend himself.

Benedict Arnold himself was made Brigadier General in the British Army and awarded the £6,000 George III Peace Prize.



The Kremlin's War on Russia

By MAX EASTMAN

Eugene Lyons, whose *Assignment in Utopia* (1937) marked a turning of the tide of American opinion in regard to Soviet Russia, has again come forward with a crucial book (*Our Secret Allies: The Peoples of Russia*, 376 pp., Duell, Sloan and Pearce-Little, Brown, \$4.50). I call it crucial because our official attitude toward Russia and the Communist conspiracy is evidently taking a turn which may be fatal to the survival of the free world. It is just possible that this book, if widely read and talked of, may bring into the minds of our foreign policy makers a few of the essential facts upon which the policy should be based. Ignorance at Washington, as I have long insisted, is the central cause of all the main calamities which afflict the civilized world. This book contains a big chunk of the knowledge which might still save it from destruction.

The change of policy I speak of is a retreat from the slowly acquired understanding that the cold war is a war against world Communism. The present Administration is creeping back to the more comfortable notion of Dean Acheson that the enemy is nothing new at all, just the old-fashioned Russian imperialism. Dulles gave voice to it, almost in Acheson's words, or words as crudely blind to the facts, in his speech at the C.I.O. convention in Cleveland. More recently it was blared forth with naive recklessness at a press interview by Theodore S. Streibert, the new head of the U. S. Information Agency, which includes the Voice of America. His exact words (which it is understood he, or those behind him, would now like to eat if they could) were as follows:

Question: "Mr. Streibert, can you define for us what the enemy is on a world scale? . . . Is it Russian expansionism, is it worldwide Communism, just what is it?"

Answer: "It is Russian expansionism and imperialism. I wish I knew more why it exists. It may be through fear on their part if there is another strong power in existence . . . At any rate, there is this expansionism."

Having thus confessed his ignorance of what every alert American knows, Mr. Streibert went on to say that in broadcasts directed to the Soviet Union the Voice of America would soft-pedal the "anti-Soviet" propaganda. But "the opposite is true in the satellites. There they are given the works . . . because they [these people] are not in sympathy with the government at all."

The people of Russia, then—according to the

new policy makers—are in sympathy with their government. And if its war against the free world is merely a natural expression of the desire of a strong nation to extend its frontiers, why shouldn't they be?

Against this almost unbelievable retreat to stupidity Eugene Lyons' book is a timely and terrific blast. It leaves nothing, absolutely nothing, of the Communist-propagated notion that the peoples of Russia are "in sympathy" with the bloody-handed gang that is ruling them from the Kremlin. You might think that such a foolish notion would need no further refutation than the fact that the population of GULAG, the Soviet slave empire for political prisoners (with a sprinkling of criminals), has been maintained at about 14,000,000 for the last twelve or fifteen years. As the life expectancy of the average inmate of these camps is not more than five or six years, this means that the Russian people are replenishing the supply of dissenters and potential subversives at a rate never heard of before in the history of the world.

And what of the families and close friends of these people who are dragged out of their beds and sold into slavery without a trial? Are they all "in sympathy" with a government that will not let them even have news of their loved ones? And is it not mathematically deducible that they constitute some 60 or 70 per cent of the population? It is so foolish to imagine that the Russian people, or any people, would be "in sympathy" with such a government that one might wonder in normal times how a man harboring such a notion could have drifted into an Information Agency except on the receiving side of the counter.

But the times are not normal. The notion has been so firmly implanted in the official mind by Communists and their stooges that it required almost an entire political history of modern Russia to displace it. Eugene Lyons has written that history, and he has done it with devoted hard work and yet with swift-moving eloquence. His book is the dramatic story of an intermittent civil war, an "enduring blood feud," between the Russian government and the mass of the people, or peoples, of Russia. And since October 1917 when the Bolsheviks seized power, it has increasingly assumed the form of a "military occupation" of the country by a minority hostile to the interests, instincts, wishes, and beliefs of an overwhelming majority.

Lyons, who lived in Russia six years as correspondent for the United Press, found it impossible not to take sides in this civil war. "The few who accomplish it by dint of cheating their intelligence and drugging their conscience, become moral schizophrenics. The healthy-minded observer may postpone and rationalize and squirm, but in the end the choice between loyalty to the rulers and loyalty to the ruled becomes unescapable." That background of personal experience, together with his subsequent years of work in behalf of the refugees, has enabled Lyons to enter into the history of the "civil war" he is describing with a vividness of imaginative understanding that an outside observer, no matter how studious, could never attain. Scholars and litterateurs are accustomed to look down their noses at journalists, but a journalist of stature, when he does go in for studious hard work, brings something to it that is lamentably missing in many a scholarly tome.

Lyons' book would have been more effective, as well as truer, if he had explained the motives of the revolutionary Marxists, Lenin and his followers whom Stalin massacred, instead of dismissing them with epithets that apply to common criminals. It was not criminality, but zealotry—a rabid, mystical, pseudo-scientific belief that their deeds were leading to a millennium—which drew the old Bolsheviks, by a force stronger than logic, into armed assaults against the very "proletarians" whom they were theoretically supposed to represent. To call Lenin and his professional revolutionists highway robbers, to impute a "homicidal urge" to Trotsky, a "thirst of blood" to Lenin, to say that the impassioned revolutionist, Dzerzhinsky, was "incapable of human emotion," besides being psychologically erroneous, is politically inexpedient. It does not help young people who are inclined toward this belief, or have got halfway tangled up in it, to find their way out. It is too easily dismissed as a smear. After all, the Bolsheviks did not invent the idea of killing in behalf of an ideal; the whole "capitalist" world had been doing it for four years when they seized the power.

Since Lyons himself, when he first went to Russia, was rather deeply tangled up in the same belief—"my eyes were still glazed with pro-Soviet illusions," he says—he would have been just the one to untangle others. His moral revulsion against the whole business is natural and understandable, but it does not exemplify the mature political wisdom that we have learned to expect from him.

Otherwise there is not a disappointing chapter in this book. It proves to the hilt its thesis that the Russian people, far from choosing or enjoying a tyrant state which rests on slavery, torture, mass deportation, execution without trial, state-planned starvation, and massacre by administrative

decree, despise, resist, and fight against it with stubborn continuity.

It is always a grand spectacle to see a multitude of puzzling facts fall in line at the command of a true and penetrating idea. And this spectacle in so vital a matter as understanding the bewildering history of Soviet Russia has urgent importance as well as grandeur. There is no space here to list the queer and inexplicable pieces of news from Moscow that have baffled all ordinary modes of understanding, and are explained by this simple truth that the country and its government are at war. The inmates of the slave camps, to cite one example, are "prisoners of war." If this fact could be pounded into the heads of our policy makers, such schoolboy boners as those recently committed by Dulles and Streibert—fed into their minds, no doubt, by Acheson's flourishing holdovers in the State Department—might at last find their way into past history along with Teheran and Yalta and Potsdam, and a thousand other calamitous results of the central misfortune of this present day in history—ignorance at Washington.

It is hard to believe that any free American, having read *Our Secret Allies*, could tolerate the present tendency of the Administration to withdraw from the Russian people the moral support they receive from our upholding of the idea of their liberation.

Space Flight—Fact and Fancy

Flight Into Space, by Jonathan Norton Leonard.
307 pp. New York: Random House. \$3.50

The Mars Project, by Wernher von Braun. 91 pp.
Urbana: University of Illinois Press. \$3.95

The idea that we should be able to leave the surface of the earth and explore our planetary neighbors has at last become respectable and to this fact we are indebted for *Flight Into Space*. It explains with considerable thoroughness and professional competence the present status of our efforts to build space-worthy rockets. Leonard has great skill—as perhaps should be expected of the Science Editor of *Time*—in conveying to an entirely untechnical reader the nature of the basic mechanical and biological problems of space flight. He gives a good resumé of our knowledge of the surface conditions of the planets and his discouraging estimates of currently agitated schemes for Martian flights and artificial satellites are soundly based on our as yet totally inadequate technology.

Unfortunately, Leonard did not limit himself to these matters he knew and understood at first hand. His philosophical ponderings on evolution and history, comparing projected voyages by "man" into space with the evolutionary spread of life from the seas to the land, are philosophically very thin and historically wrong. The problem is a knotty

matter of mechanics very far indeed from the evolutionary spread of life out of the ancient seas. And it is a glib comparison to set the exploration of the planets as a stimulus to a new technological liberalism alongside the sixteenth-century oceanic voyages which, Leonard thinks, helped destroy the benighted superstitions of the Middle Ages. Leonard should have discovered in his own field, for example, that the diurnal revolution of the earth, along with the basic concepts of celestial mechanics were all brought forward and substantiated by the physicists of the fourteenth century.

Von Braun's work is something altogether different. It pretends to be an engineering study of a practicable flight to Mars. It is not. It is a piece of propaganda. Whether Von Braun is conscious of this or simply carried away by his imagination does not matter. Since he is the man who talked Hitler into building the V-2 rockets and is now the chief advocate of diverting our own military resources into building an artificial satellite, his ideas cannot be dismissed as of no consequence.

Von Braun's proposition is to build ten space ships in an orbit about a thousand miles above the earth's surface. These are to be built, supplied, and manned by the use of forty-seven three-stage, manned ferry rockets which, he figures, must make about a thousand flights up and back in the process. Quite aside from the fact that no rocket motor exists which could fly even one such ferry vessel to this altitude, it is even less clear how such a rocket could get back. Von Braun plans to glide back despite the fact that at the speed at which he would enter the earth's atmosphere his rocket would, by his own figures, attain a skin temperature of 1350° F. No one knows how to build a ship that can take such a skin temperature, and any upward variation between fact and Von Braun's assumptions would simply burn up his ship.

Concerning Mars his planning is as bad. He proposes, reasonably enough, to throw his space ships into an orbit and land from smaller boat-glider combinations brought along. His first landing is to be made with a skid-equipped glider on the "snow surface" of the Martian polar regions. He is positive, therefore, of something that no astronomer is sure of, that the white caps of Mars *are* snow, not solid carbon dioxide or hoar frost. But even if he knows that, how does he know the physical condition of this "snow" surface? Is it smooth or a mass of blocks? The questions are of some moment because Von Braun must land in a glider that cannot return to his space ship. He cannot figure the power to return except in a ship that requires a long, wheeled landing, and Von Braun, for all his zeal, does not expect to find finished air fields on Mars. To build such a field will be the task of his first glider crew. They will have a wheeled vehicle (type and power source unspecified) in which they will cross some 3,000 miles of the unknown surface of Mars, under an

atmosphere of unknown composition, and, when they reach the equator, build with unspecified tools and in unspecified clothing and masks, a long air strip for the other landing boats.

That Von Braun has imagination no one can deny, and to go to Mars would be an attainment of eternal glory and honor and perhaps vast benefit. It should be done. But Von Braun has not planned how to do it because no one can plan how to do it until we have reaction motors that can do the job required of them with the normal margin of safety. These do not yet exist, and the enthusiast for space exploration would be better advised to press for that development than attempt to launch something which—if it were all we could do toward space exploration—would not be a bold step but an improvident and reckless adventure.

LAWRENCE R. BROWN

Religion Under Red Rule

The Russian Church and the Soviet State, by John Shelton Curtiss. 387 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$6.00

Normal relations between church and state in Russia have followed a Byzantine pattern since time immemorial. There never were independent sovereigns of religion and politics such as the kings and popes who quarrel so much in the history books of the Western world. Until the reign of Peter the Great the head of the Orthodox church was a priest appointed by the Tsar; afterward he was a layman, a sort of Director of Religion, also appointed by the Tsar. The reason for the change involved no complex points of doctrine. Lay directors were more manageable; they could be told what to do and summarily appointed and fired with less offense to the orthodoxy. Any revolution, Kerensky's or Lenin's, was bound to cut the connection between church and state; but the fact that the Communists triumphed brought in an element of dogmatic bitterness on both sides.

The Communists wanted to abolish religion, of course, but to their surprise it seemed to toughen under rough treatment. After enduring a decade of incredible hardships the clergy of the Orthodox church continued to function in almost as many parishes as had existed before the Revolution; on the other hand churchmen had failed in every effort to rouse the people against the Soviet regime. In 1928 an uneasy compromise was reached: the Soviet government would continue to educate the young away from religion in the state schools, but on the whole would refrain from interfering otherwise; and the church would accept the government as the legitimate authority in temporal affairs. Through the successive Five-Year Plans until the out-

break of the war in 1941 the number of church-going persons declined with the movement of population from the countryside to the towns as the result of industrialization.

Then quite suddenly the situation changed. From the first day of the German attack the notables of the church lent their support to the cause of national victory. They were rewarded with a lavish distribution of medals and with permission to open theological seminaries for the regular training of clergymen. And for the first time children attending state schools were permitted to have religious instruction—not in public buildings, to be sure, but in the homes of priests. In 1950 the liaison between the government and the Orthodox church was so close that the latter was protesting repeatedly and vehemently against “American aggression in Korea.” The wheel had turned full circle and religion was again a department of the state. However, the basic hostility of Communist theory to any form of religion remains, says Professor Curtiss in his well-compiled and documented book. So does the Soviet policy, which has been consistently applied since 1928, of quietly choking the life out of it.

ASHER BRYNES

Uneasy Axis

The Incompatible Allies: A Memoir-History of German-Soviet Relations 1918-1941, by Gustav Hilger and Alfred G. Meyer. 350 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$5.00

The specter of a Russo-German alliance, combining the manpower, raw materials, and industry of an area extending from the Rhine to the Pacific, has long haunted Europe. Wars between the Russians and Germans have not allayed this fear. Both powers have envisaged such an alliance as a short cut to world domination. And each did expect to have the controlling voice and the final mastery over the other.

The Incompatible Allies is an invaluable contribution to the discussion of this subject, which is as vital today as it ever was. Gustav Hilger, a Russian-born German who spent many years as a Counselor of the German Embassy in Moscow, was probably as close to Russo-German relations as anyone on the German side. His collaborator, Dr. Alfred G. Meyer, born in Germany, is an historian on the Harvard faculty. Their volume is lucid, revealing, and documented. There is a great deal of material for the specialist, but in its first-person narrative form, it makes fascinating reading for the layman.

Nearly all the characters in the Russo-German drama between the two world wars play their roles here: Von Seeckt, Chicherin, Rathenau, Radek, Liebknecht, Molotov, Ribbentrop, Schulenberg,

Hitler, Stalin, and the many army officers, diplomats, journalists, and industrialists who, at one time or another, worked to promote Russo-German coalition. Mr. Hilger strongly opposed Hitler's attack on the Soviet quasi-ally. German-Soviet relations, he points out, “gave proof that a bourgeois state can maintain relations with the Soviet Union which are useful and not immediately dangerous as long as it is at least as strong, or at most as weak, as the Soviet Union.” He is under no illusions about Soviet policies or intentions.

Rapallo, in 1922, was the “agreement between a blind man and a lame man.” Neither had any interest in destroying the other. Each could use the other's help. The Nazi-Soviet deal of 1939 was merely a “marriage of convenience,” to be broken by either party when expedient. As for Hitler's brutal, stupid policies toward the people of the conquered regions of Russia and the Ukraine, Mr. Hilger observes: “Suffice it to say that German rule in the occupied territories succeeded in a very short time in alienating a population many of whom had greeted Hitler's armies as liberators from Soviet terror.”

Mr. Hilger's long residence in Russia, his knowledge of the language, culture, and customs give him certain extraordinary advantages. It is possible, however, that his closeness to the Russian scene sometimes throws his views out of focus. One can applaud the industry and knowledge that have gone into this volume without always agreeing with the opinions and conclusions. This reviewer, who served on the Hoover Commission in the U.S.S.R., for once does not agree at all with Mr. Hilger's estimate of and verdict on the foreign contributions to the alleviation of the famine, epidemics, and economic breakdown of the early twenties.

HENRY C. WOLFE

A Desert King

Arabian Jubilee, by H. St.J. B. Philby. 280 pp. New York: The John Day Company. \$6.00

When King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia died last month in his summer palace at Taif, he was one of the wealthiest and least known men in the world. His annual income amounted to approximately \$150,000,000 (tax free) and came mostly in the form of oil-royalty checks from the United States. Yet he lived in virtual seclusion from the Western world, with American and British diplomats as well as all other foreigners barred from his capital city of Riyadh.

Thus a book about Ibn Saud by a Westerner should be of much interest to those concerned with Arab affairs. H. St. John B. (for Baptist) Philby, born in England, is, however, not as much a Westerner as his name might imply. “Englishmen in the East,” it has been said, “can be

divided into two categories: the Kiplings and the Lawrences of Arabia." Philby, no doubt, embraced the latter category. Actually, he preceded Lawrence by several years as a British agent in the then unexplored lands south of Mesopotamia. He also became a Mohammedan, went to Mecca, and changed his name to *el Haj Abdullah*—Abdullah the Pilgrim.

Dr. Mahmoud Azmi, the Arab litterateur and diplomat, recalls that once, while talking to Ibn Saud, the king suddenly clammed up. And soon Azmi discovered the reason for this royal reticence: crouched in a dark corner of the reception room was Philby, wearing a dark beard and the native *abaya*, who had crept in on naked feet to listen to the interview. Although some of the material in *Arabian Jubilee* seems to have been gathered by Philby creeping around palace rooms in bare feet, the book sheds considerable light on the character of Ibn Saud.

If the reader is patient enough to wade through Philby's arid prose and his recitations of Saudite genealogy, *Arabian Jubilee* emerges as the story of a desert king whose ambition was as boundless as the sand dunes of his native landscape. A princeling of the Wahabi Arabs (a sect of intensely puritanical Bedouins), Ibn Saud set out to unify the vast lands between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. His initial operations were little more than daring horseback skirmishes. But when Britain began to look for a thorn to stick in the side of the Ottoman Empire, Ibn Saud offered his cooperation. Aided first by Britain's fascinating agent, Captain Shakespeare—and later by Philby, Lawrence, and others—Ibn Saud outwitted all his competitors and established a unified state that included the Moslem holy places Mecca and Medina. But even with these two cities added to his domain, and the proceeds of their lucrative pilgrim traffic added to his purse, Ibn Saud might have remained just another ruler in the Middle East. It was an American who opened the door to fortune and fame for him.

When Charles Crane, a former adviser to Woodrow Wilson, arrived in Jidda in 1933, Ibn Saud presented him with a pair of magnificent Arabian stallions. In return the parsimonious Californian gave the King a box of American-grown dates. The King, to put it mildly, was insulted—he gave the dates to Philby. But a few years later, Crane sent his personal oil engineer to prospect on Ibn Saud's land. When the first gusher came in, this proved to be a gift that more than made up for the dates, the stallions, or any bad feelings the King might have harbored toward Americans.

Ibn Saud, indeed, became a sincere friend of America. And his sons—especially the now reigning Saud, and Emir Feisal, the foreign minister—seem to continue the policy of their father who knew how to blend profitably Western technology with the resources of the Middle East.

SERGE FLIEGERS

Briefer Mention

Unconditional Hatred, by Captain Russell Grenfell, R. N. 273 pp. New York: Devin-Adair Company. \$3.75

Captain Grenfell, as he so well proved in *Sea Power*, is one of the most brilliant living writers on strategy and geopolitics. His analyses always proceed openly from the starting point of British interests, a fact which eliminates all hypocrisy and much nonsense.

His new book has two theses, one historical, the other programmatic. First he demolishes the myth of Germany as the eternal aggressor, terrorist, and barbarian. So far as Britain goes, he recalls the almost forgotten record to prove that until this present century British policy has been rather consistently friendly to Germany. Second, he argues that the only workable solution for Britain's strategic situation is coalition and if possible political unification with West Germany and France. These are the "citadel states" of Europe. United, most of the lesser nations would group themselves around, and Europe would become a Third Force—in the sense not of an uncommitted weakling but of a genuine power able to recreate a world equilibrium that is now impossible because of the exclusive division into two power blocs. This would give the best chance not for perpetual peace, which is utopian, but for "peace as long as possible," which is Britain's most rational objective.

Captain Grenfell's style is a model of clarity and precision, mixed with just the right proportion of irony.

The Doctors, by André Soubiran. Translated from the French by Oliver Coburn. 441 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.95

M. Soubiran is a French doctor who admittedly turned novelist out of indignation. His first, and highly successful novel was a spirited defense of the French Army against those who ascribed the French defeat in 1940 to cowardice and weakness. Now, in *The Doctors*, his second literary attempt, M. Soubiran rallies to the defense of his own much maligned profession. Through the eyes of a young student, Jean Nerac, who has come to the gray old world of medicine in Paris to conquer life and his chosen field, M. Soubiran unwinds a long and detailed panorama of the experiences, sentiments, and problems that go into the making of an earnest young doctor. He is at his best when he explores the grim, painful, callous and yet heroically dedicated and compassionate atmosphere of medical student life, charity wards, stench-filled waiting rooms, and floodlit operating tables. But he loses much when he dwells on the amorous exploits and romantic notions of his growing hero. For although M.

Soubiran obviously knows how to write well for popular consumption, he is, first of all, a sincere, intelligent doctor, not an accomplished novelist.

A Study of Bolshevism, by Nathan Leites. 639 pp. Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press. \$6.50

In this impressive and important volume, Nathan Leites has compiled and analyzed a major portion of the incidental and sacred writings of the leading Bolsheviks, notably Lenin and Stalin, as well as parts of the pre-Bolshevik Russian literature which deal with psychological aspects that recur as central points of Bolshevik doctrine. His aim was "to portray the spirit of the Bolshevik elite" and thus to pin down the "operational code" of the Communist leadership as a possible guide to their future conduct. For, Mr. Leites surmises, the Politburo probably considers the record of the Communist Party as "largely one of success" and thinks "a considerable part of this success is attributed to the use of 'correct' rules of strategy evolved early in the history of the Party." In a carefully qualifying introduction, Mr. Leites points to the inevitable limitations of any historically retrospective analysis as the basis of future evaluations. But he maintains correctly that nothing fundamental has changed in the Bolshevik doctrine, that the Politburo still holds the belief that it must either overcome its enemies or ultimately be annihilated. And, in a clear and concise prologue tracing the postwar relations between the Politburo and the West, the author shatters once more the fatal "belief in the sheer power of 'negotiation' to reduce 'tension'—a belief which is not held by the Politburo," but which apparently is becoming one of the mainstays of present American foreign policy.

Struggle for Africa, by Vernon Bartlett. 246 pp. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. \$3.95

This timely, comprehensive, and informative report fulfills two necessary functions extremely well. It raises the long neglected, yet vital question: What is happening to the 3,000,000 Whites south of the Sahara, who live surrounded by some 130,000,000 Africans and 500,000 Asians? And it provides us with a handy and objective guide to the complex and highly explosive problems which European colonialism has brought to this multi-faceted but historically blank continent. Mr. Bartlett, a renowned British journalist, diplomat, and former M.P., holds that geographically and economically Africa is Europe's "hinterland," that, for better or worse, Africa needs Europe just as much as the latter needs the first. But can Europe, in the face of Africa's fervent desire for independence, for freedom from European domination, keep her position in Africa? Mr. Bartlett traces the various ways in which Europe has tried to channel the awakening spirit of the black man.

He explores the "creative imperial abdication" of the British, the assimilation policy of the French, the "managerial revolution" of the Belgians, and the "defensive oppression" of the natives in the Union of South Africa. He views with critical concern the dangers inherent in premature self-government and in ruthless, thoughtless nationalistic and racial agitation. And, speaking from a British, as well as European point of view, he warns that only a patient, responsible effort on the part of Europe's colonial governments and Africa's nationalistic leaders to find a *modus vivendi* can avert a major catastrophe.

The Marmot Drive, by John Hersey. 273 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50

"This is the heyday of the worry-wart," says Selectman Avered to his prospective daughter-in-law in this curious book. "People don't have to be so nervous about everything, but they are, and I always wonder why." Mr. Hersey, no doubt, is nervous about something himself. And he has done a bit of wondering, too, in this queer story about a mythical woodchuck hunt in a mythical New England town. But what, exactly, he is nervous about Mr. Hersey does not say. Perhaps it is the pent-up aggression of the gnarly townspeople his heroine, a city girl weekending in Connecticut, encounters. Or the mob violence, released by a piously false accusation of immorality, which straps the willing, martyrlike Selectman to the whipping post. Or the cruel loneliness of the girl who loses her innocence to a stranger, so to speak *en passant*. Whatever it is, Mr. Hersey, though writing skillfully, abstains from expressing it. And for all his dreamy quality one wishes he had called a woodchuck a woodchuck and not a marmot.

My Mission in Life, by Eva Perón. 216 pp. New York: Vantage Press. \$2.75

First published in Argentina in 1951 this book is clearly a propaganda job for the Perón regime. The author presents herself as a humble, lowly, weak woman, a "sparrow," whom God chose from among the many for a "position close to the Leader of a new world." Perón is a gigantic condor, the Sun, one of those geniuses who create new philosophies and new religions, great because he knew how to put his love for humanity into practical form. Although the jacket calls the book an autobiography, there is little in it of the short life story of its enigmatic author. She does relate that as a young girl she escaped her obsession with the problem of the rich and the poor by dedicating herself to "my unusually strong artistic vocation." But she does not disclose what that vocation was or what success she had in pursuing it. If she had, this would be somewhat more fascinating reading.



Minerva, 1953

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



Launching a new annual "best plays" volume (*Theatre '53*, edited by John Chapman, 564 pp. Random House, \$5.00), Mr. John Chapman of the *Daily News* strikes a defiant note. People, he says, are always asking what is wrong with the New York theater. Why not ask for a change what is right?

The perpetually dying institution does keep alive despite television and everything else. There was a shortage of available playhouses during most of the 1952-1953 season and the number of hits was respectable. There were some pretty good plays, though there were none by dazzling newcomers and none by old-timers as good as their previous best. "Faced with selecting a dozen plays and musicals as the best of the year, a critic might shrug off the task by claiming that there weren't any best but only mediocrities." And that Mr. Chapman just doesn't like to do.

In these remarks of his rather more is implied than said. What they really mean is that the judgment you pass on the contemporary American theater will depend almost entirely upon what you expect of it. If you are thinking about the great days in Athens, in Elizabethan England, or in seventeenth-century France—perhaps even if you are thinking of the American twenties when there was some solid accomplishment and a great deal of justifiable enthusiasm, then the contemporary scene is discouragingly unexciting though tolerably entertaining. If on the other hand you happen to be among the prophets concerned less with the past than with a distressingly vague "theater of the future," your dissatisfaction will probably turn into more or less eloquent denunciation of the commercial attitude, the determination to write hits, etc., etc. But if you are ready, as Mr. Chapman is, to take a professional's attitude toward show business—and I use the term without moral indignation—we in America are a lot better off so far as playwriting is concerned than we

ever were before except during those twenties just mentioned.

A great many native plays of the season just past were literate, competent, and sincere, at least by comparison with what was written during the latter half of the nineteenth century or the first part of the twentieth. And because the competencies as well as the limitations are so obvious, there is not much real difference of opinion concerning either the merits of "the season" or the relative merits of individual plays. Mr. Kronenberger's *The Best Plays of 1952-53* (374 pp. Dodd, Mead and Company, \$4.50) offers condensed versions of ten; Mr. Chapman's *Theatre '53* of twelve. But there is only one piece ("The Emperor's Clothes," a commercial failure, by the Hungarian George Tabori which deals with the plight of a professor under the rule of a police state in 1930) among the ten best not among the twelve. The Pulitzer Prize Committee and the Critics' Circle—which much prefer to disagree when possible—both gave their awards to "Picnic." As a matter of fact, even those who damn the theater would agree with the professionals that a number of the plays were "pretty good." The only difference between the two groups would be that one says, "I like pretty good plays"; the other, "I don't."

Perhaps the attitude most likely to make the professional commentator happy in himself and to keep him fresh at his job is that adopted by George Jean Nathan whose new volume (*The Theatre in the Fifties*, 306 pp., Alfred A. Knopf, \$4.50) is in the style of more or less random comment which many previous volumes have made familiar. He never allows either his readers or himself to forget that "pretty good" is no more than just that but neither does he prevent himself from taking his fun where he finds it. He has contemplated show business for something like fifty years without either losing his zest or becoming subdued to the stuff he works in. Hence he

can go cheerfully along, giving a pat here or a slap there and finding it fun to be a naughty boy at seventy.

Though this may be an easygoing approach, it is still a long way from that recommended by Mr. J. J. Shubert who (according to a report on the season in Chicago included in the Kronenberger volume) told the critics that the theatrical business was like the department store business and that no newspaper sent critics into a store to disparage the merchandise. To which some members of the public replied that they would accept Mr. Shubert's analogy if he himself would accept it also by allowing them freely to examine his wares and, then, if they decided to buy, to pay on the way out.

Yet Mr. Nathan finds it necessary to say that "the American drama in these years of the fifties has in none of its manifestations anything of the poetic imagination and literary music of an O'Casey or of the combined tragic imagination and dramaturgical skill of an O'Neill"—which doesn't make the contemporary drama any less likely to provide occasions for such cracks as: "I am sometimes criticized for leaving the theater after the first act. . . . the theory of the objectors being that the particularly venomous play might improve as it went along, an hypothesis established by experience to be as questionable as the belief that if one does not do anything about a serious case of pneumonia it will gradually disappear and end up only as a cold."

Of the "ten best plays" one is a musical; one is a much-better-than-average murder mystery; one is a highly competent farce; two are "serious"; three are "fantasies" (if you count Mary Ellen Chase's "Bernardine," which strikes me as less fantastic than simply unreal); and two are polite sex comedies. That all, except the farce and the two "serious" plays, have to do with unconventional sex behavior is perhaps not surprising, since unconventional sex behavior has been involved in a very large proportion of all the literary works except the very greatest. But it may mean something that four out of the five "sex" plays have to do with Americans who appear more or less ridiculous because they can't take so much as a nibble at the forbidden fruit without suffering pangs of conscience,

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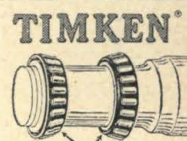
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and that one play in the twelve, but not in the ten, is also concerned with the same theme.

In "The Seven Year Itch" a husband summering in town invites in the girl from the floor above; in "The Time of the Cuckoo" a lady tourist succumbs to the professional attentions of an Italian philanderer; in "Picnic" the great God Pan appears in the guise of an itinerant young man on the bum and inspires several of the characters to kick over the traces; in "The Love of Four Colonels" an American Army officer stationed abroad dreams himself into the role of a minister saving prostitutes; and in "Bernardine" a group of adolescents have begun to sniff at the apple.

What strikes one about all this is that though the theme and the point of view were both "daring" in the twenties when our native drama began to show some signs of approaching maturity, it was also pretty thoroughly exploited then and nothing new seems to have developed since. Put "Strictly Dishonorable" alongside "The Seven Year Itch"; "They Knew What They Wanted" alongside "Picnic"; and "Differn't" alongside "The Time of the Cuckoo." The result is that all the themes, moods, and morals of the plays of 1952-1953 are matched by those in plays of the twenties. Perhaps Americans still need—as the twenties believed they did—to be taught how to take light love in a light "continental" fashion. But if so, then it begins to look as though playwrights couldn't teach them.

Ought, then, our playwrights be urged to be more serious? Unfortunately, if we are to judge by the one "serious" play among the ten best, the advice would be very dubious. Arthur Miller, a man of obvious talents, has exhibited in all of his previous plays, from "All My Sons" to the rewriting of "An Enemy of the People," a curious tendency to use some sort of logical non-sequitur in order to arrive at a left-wing social position. In "The Crucible" he executes this maneuver in an especially outrageous way. Obviously his play about witchcraft persecutions in New England is intended to serve as a parallel to the hunt for Communist conspirators in present-day America. But the parallel is just as obviously false for the simple reason that while we believe there never

was such a thing as a witch, not even an ardent Communist can very well deny that Communist spies are real, whether or not their number and danger have been exaggerated. Moreover, and even when our serious plays are not illogical, the contemporary drama tends to suffer from the conviction that "serious" means only political, sociological, or reformist. True, politics and sociology are serious subjects. But on the whole literature has dealt most successfully with seriousness of other kinds, and Ibsen and Shaw are much better than Galsworthy or Brieux.

Turn to history as it is written in Lloyd Morris' *Curtain Time* (380 pp., Random House, \$5.00) and what do you find? Mr. Morris' entertaining chronicle is lively, picturesque, full of curious facts, and often lightly scandalous. Its subject is manners, morals, conventions, and, above all, the personality of players. It touches only incidentally upon plays. But that is almost inevitable. During the nineteenth century there were no plays worth talking about written in America and precious few in England—not one in either place as good as two or three of the best ten of 1952-1953. The moral of that? Perhaps it is merely that the theater can flourish on a few classics plus a certain number of bad plays, ancient and contemporary. Great plays have been written less often than great works in other forms. Ours does not seem to be one of the epochs when they are written.

There are a dozen answers to the question "why not?" and at least two dozen proposed remedies. The theater is too centralized, production costs are too high, the grip of the unions is too tight, the competition of the movies and television is too great. From all these handicaps the contemporary theater really does suffer. But from the admission of this fact to the assumption that if all the handicaps were removed we should certainly enter upon a great period of theatrical activity is a step not possible unless we take more completely for granted than some of us do that when "conditions" are right, genius necessarily appears.

In accordance with the spirit of the times, the practical proposal most often made is, of course, government subsidy. But quite aside

from the fact that there seems to be something a little inconsistent in the proposal that a democratic government should tax the people to pay for something they would not willingly pay for at the box office, there is certainly no assurance to be drawn from history that a state-supported theater will necessarily be a great and lively theater. Perhaps Horace was nearer right than Marx. Perhaps Minerva does not put in an appearance when the dialectic of a material culture invites her. Perhaps she just happens along when she feels like it.

A Celebrity

For those who take their celebrities with a grain of salt Columbia Pictures has provided an amusing and amazingly perspicacious satire entitled *It Should Happen to You*. Aimed at the sophisticated trade, it revolves around a girl from Binghamton, one Gladys Glover (played by Judy Holliday), who comes to New York with no talents, fair good looks, a thousand hard-earned dollars, and an enormous ambition to "make a name for herself." She is getting nowhere with the latter when her simple mind hits upon the idea of putting her savings into the rental of a billboard high above Columbus Circle and having her name painted on in it large Gothic letters.

The ensuing complications involve a famous soap company, which for reasons of its own wants nothing so much as that particular billboard. To get it they give her eight other well-placed display signs all bearing the name of "Gladys Glover." The public is intrigued, a commentator picks up the story, gets the girl on a television show. Advertising and publicity men seize upon her stunt as a new angle for selling their wares. Thus overnight she becomes a bona fide celebrity, with constant public appearances. A branch of the Air Force even names a new plane after her. Except for a slow start, when Miss Holliday overdoes her "dumb blonde" bit, the film moves with pace and ingenuity, hitting hard with some good laughs at a real weakness of the American public.

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